JULY 20, 1963. VOL. CCLIV. NO. 3294. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

BELL'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
"Afore ye go"
It's Simply Delicious

Apollinaris
is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for 'Scotch and POLLY'

YOU can bring joy . . . to the 3,000 children in the 40 branches of the
NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME
Send your contributions NOW to—The Principal, The Rev. John Waterhouse, O.B.E., Highbury Park, London, N.5.

WANTED
Food *and* Tools
£1 provides a month's feeding for two children or 38 lbs. of seed to grow more food.
Help with a gift to:
Sphere Relief, c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., High Street, Oxford.
OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF
Supporters include: Lord Gladwyn, Lord Hailsham, Lord Longford.

At Fortnum & Mason they make fresh chocolates every day
chocolates rare and very special like everything at Fortnums
Fortnum & Mason 181 PICCADILLY, LONDON

MARINE coatings and
INDUSTRIAL finishes
SPECIALISED PRODUCTS OF
CARSON-PARIPAN
LIMITED

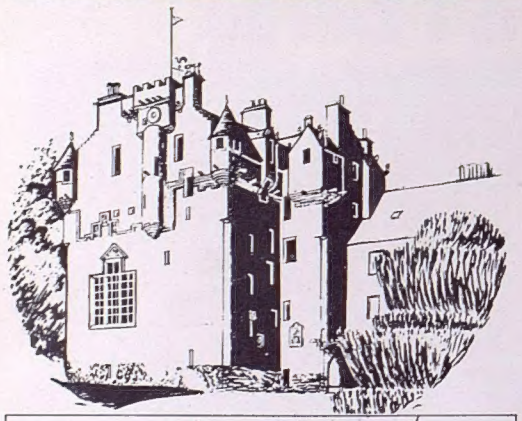
VIVE LE COINTREAU
COINTREAU ON THE ROCKS

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

PUBLISHING OFFICE, INGRAM HOUSE, 13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/6

Visit Crathes Castle with Shell

photographed in July by Percy Hem



Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire

One of Britain's richest plant collections is contained in a rectangular, terraced seventeenth-century setti at Crathes Castle, itself a sixteenth-century turreted building in woods by the Dee valley. Here the hu roof-shaped yew hedges, 260 years old, and high stone walls, give such shelter that all manner of ten shrubs succeed despite the cold northern climate. But shrubs are not the only things at Crathes, and the gard includes several one-colour borders, mainly of herbaceous plants—a *tour de force* reserved, perhaps, f the larger garden.

Seen here is the white border, enhanced by a backcloth of the red cherry plum, *Prunus cerasifera* a *purpurea*—often called *Prunus pissardii* (1). The snow-white varieties of *Campanula latifolia* (2) and relation *C. latiloba* (3) contrast with the creamier colour of the unexpected bushy *Clematis recta* (4) fr Southern Europe, next to which, in season, blooms the mock orange *Philadelphus Belle Etoile* (5). The seldo seen *Gillenia trifoliata* (6), the Indian Physic, is a relation of the off-white Dropwort, *Filipendula hexape* (7), a double version of a native plant. Also off-white—lemon indeed—is *Anthemis tinctoria kelwayi* and rose Penelope (9) further breaks the rules with its pink buds. Back to pure white with the airy alp *Anemone rivularis* (10) and the more solid double pyrethrum (11). By the red hedge, the thin tassels of white form of *Veronica virginica* (12) give height, as does the stately Mediterranean thistle *Onopor acanthium* (13). More silver than white, this, like the wormwood relative *Artemisia ludoviciana* (14), prized mainly for its leaves.

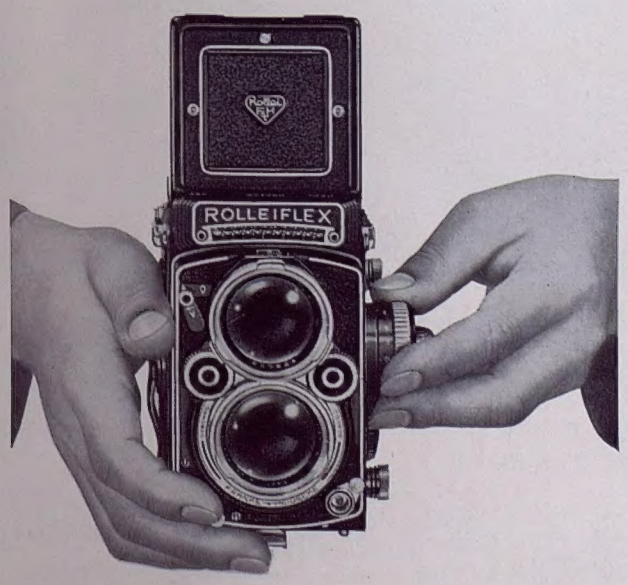
Crathes Castle, owned by the National Trust for Scotland, is near Banchory, 14 miles west of Aberdeen A 93. The gardens are open daily from 9.30 a.m.; the castle on Wednesdays and Thursdays from 11 a. to 7 p.m., and Saturdays and Sundays from 2.30 p.m. to 7 p.m., between 1 May and 30 Septemb on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 11 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. between 1 October and 30 April.

This garden will be illustrated in the Shell Gardens Book to be published in 1964.

Wherever you go...you can be sure of SHELL

From the Rollei point of view you take it easy, take it sure, take the precise shot you want. Just as you see it on the viewing screen: a $2\frac{1}{4}$"-square full-size picture right way up and sharply in full-colour focus before every sure-fire shot. Yes, sure-fire. Because you can't miss with a Rollei. It is the twin-lens reflex camera most faithful to man. Its compact design, free of technicalities, is the shape of successful photography to come: a shape with 40 years of experience built-in. Before your dealer demonstrates hold it lightly in your hands—that's *quality*.

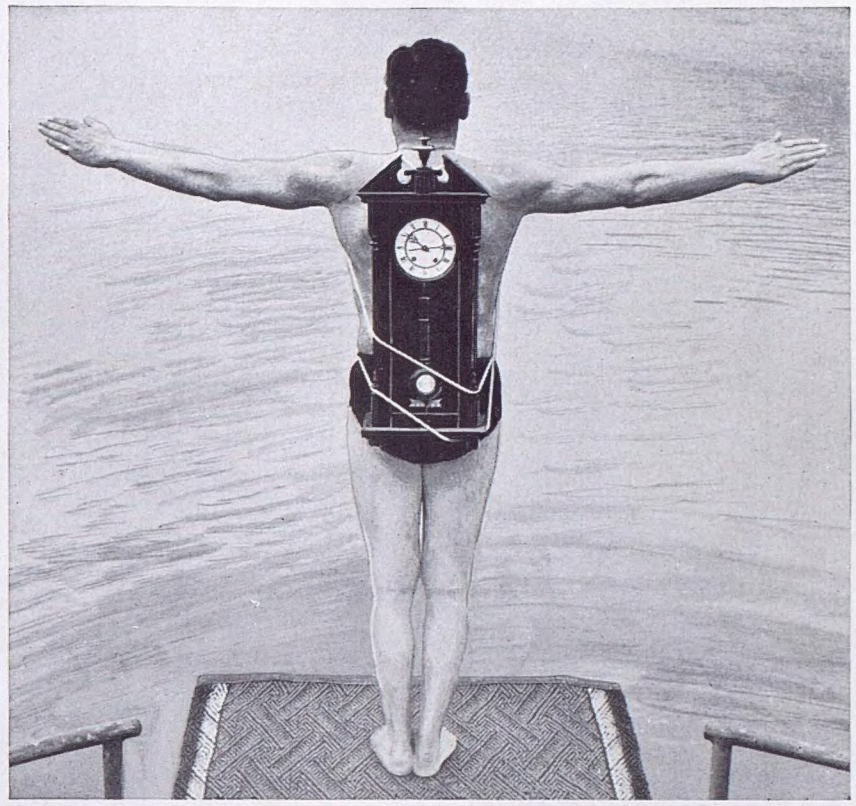
You can see what you've got with a **Rollei**



HUNTER

Send 6d. for literature to Sole Importers
R. F. HUNTER LTD., Celfix House, 51-53 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1 *Telephone: HOLborn 7311-2-3*

It's about time he had a Hamilton watch



With an Estoril, one of the superb models from the Hamilton range of Swiss watches, he could safely dive to a depth of 325 ft. It is clearly doubtful whether he would ever dive this deep from the highest springboard. This, however, is typical of Hamilton—it is a better watch than ordinary circumstances demand. Buying a Hamilton is like joining an exclusive club—it is not easy. Only a limited number of jewellers are Hamilton agents. Their names and free catalogue are obtainable from: The Hamilton Watch Company Ltd., 15, Berkeley St., W.1. Please mention this advertisement in your enquiry.

Estoril

4053-3 Waterproof, all steel case,	**£22.0.0.**
4051-3 Waterproof, automatic, all steel case,	**£25.10.0.**
64003-3 same model with calendar (illustrated)	**£27.10.0.**

**Hamilton watches sold and serviced throughout the world.*

HAMILTON
a superb watch at a sensible price

Two more masterpieces from Sony

Pushbuttons control every major operation on the Sony Tapecorder 464 and TFM-95L portable radio.

The 2-speed Tapecorder 464 has an advanced 4-track system that lets you add new sound to previously recorded sound . . . or record separate sound sources on parallel tracks and play them back simultaneously or separately. You can also do monaural or stereo recording—from nature study to snapshots in sound—for business or pleasure. Its many extras include tone control, tape index counter, instant stop lever, and dependable beltless self-adjusting mechanism.

Whatever the frequency—FM, MW or LW—you'll get brilliant reception with the TFM-95L. This powerful 3-band, 9-transistor portable radio uses a 4″ speaker and produces 550mW undistorted. It can be adapted as a car radio simply by connecting its convenient input jack to a car antenna. The dual-purpose TFM-95L comes with battery, earphone, and auxiliary antenna wire. Car bracket optional.

RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

SONY

TAPECORDER 464

TRANSISTOR RADIO TFM-9

Volume CCLIV No. 3294 LONDON, July 20, 1963

THE SPHERE

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

© 1963. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved*

Postage: Inland, 4½d.; Abroad, 6½d.

CONTROVERSIAL GREEK ROYAL VISIT

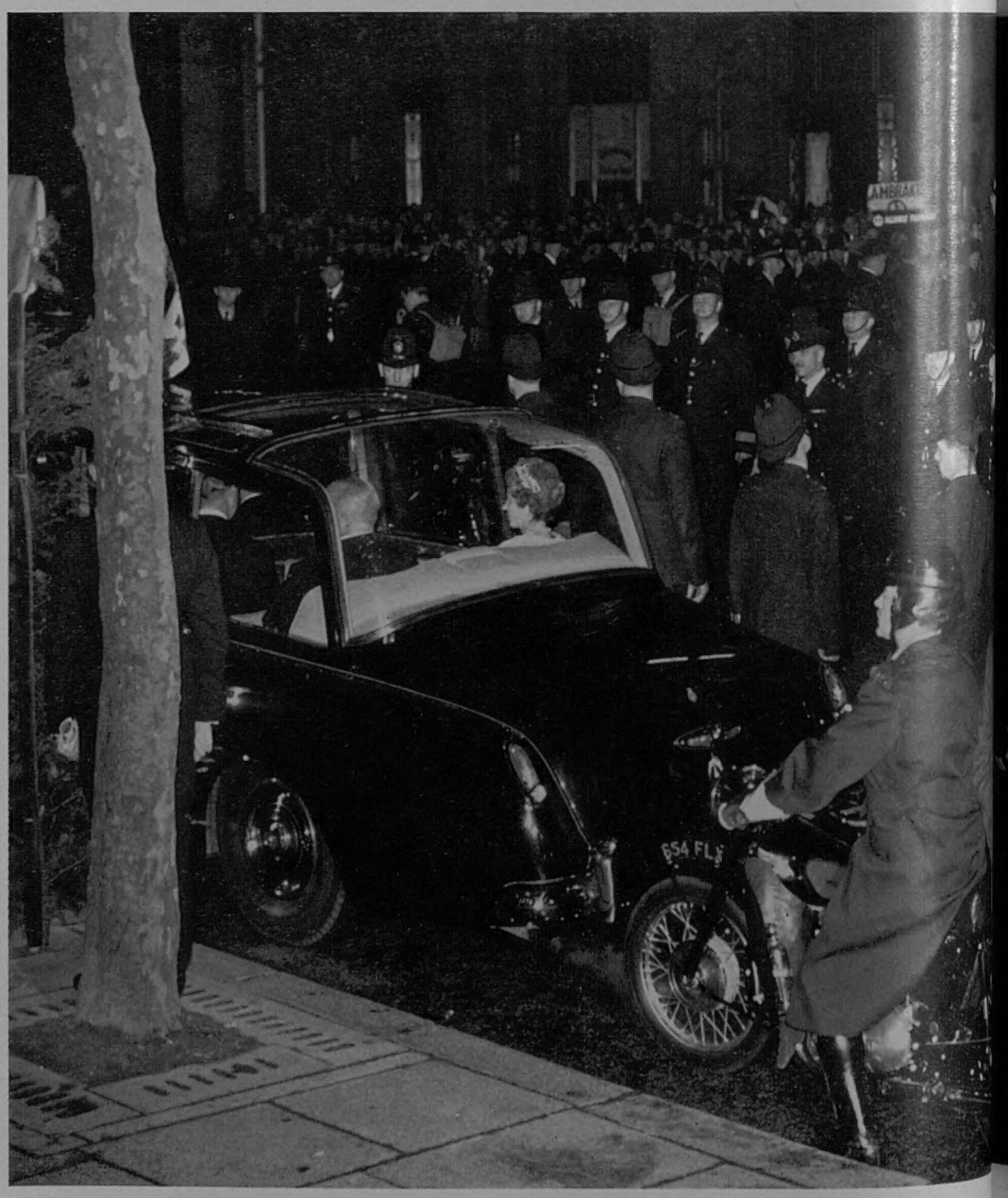
King Paul of the Hellenes salutes as he is driven with Queen Elizabeth to Buckingham Palace at the start of the State visit of himself and Queen Frederika to Britain. During the three days of the visit last week there were various demonstrations, organised by the Committee of 100 and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, protesting against the detention of political prisoners in Greece. Large numbers of police were on special duty. Most national newspapers, commenting on the visit, were at pains to warn against the misuse of the freedom to dissent in Britain. (See also pp. 76 and 77.)

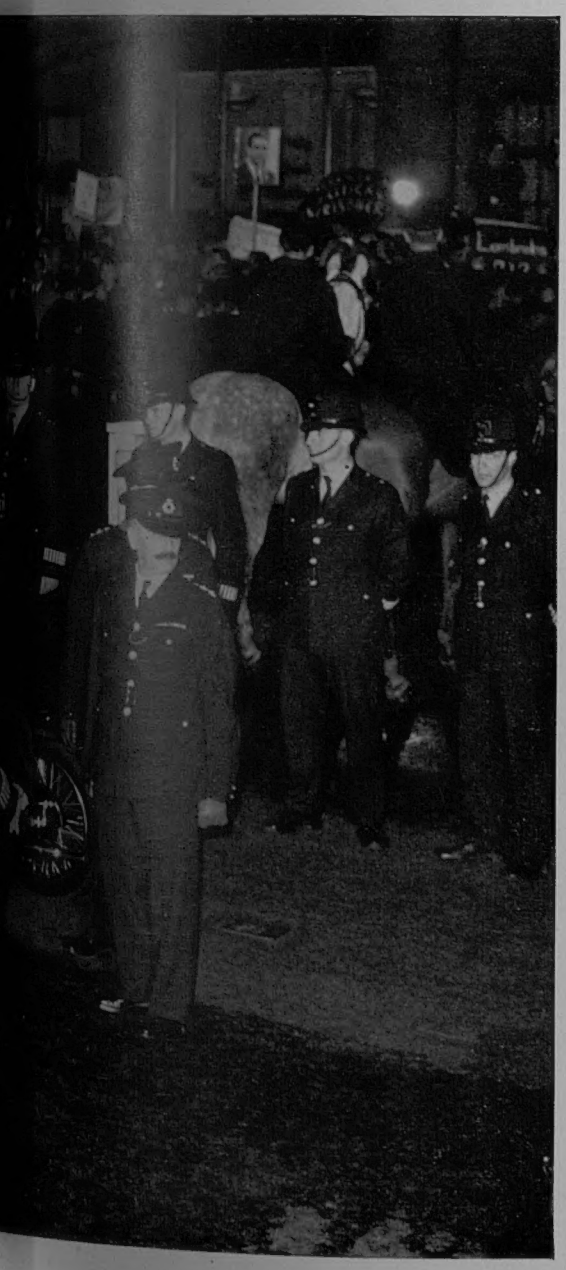
CONTROVERSIAL VISIT

At the start of the State visit of the King and Queen of the Hellenes, King Paul drives with Queen Elizabeth from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace

Below: At Gatwick Airport, the arrival of the Greek royal couple by air from Greece. Behind King Paul and Queen Frederika is the Duke of Edinburgh, who had gone to the airport to welcome them

Right: King Paul and Queen Frederika leave the Aldwych Theatre, London, after seeing a Gala Performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A large force of police holds back demonstrators protesting against the detention of political prisoners in Greece





Above: At the Gala Performance by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych, Queen Frederika (right) talks to the Princess Royal. On the left are the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Queen Mother. Among those in the background is the Duke of Edinburgh, talking to Lord and Lady Avon

Below: King Paul smiles broadly during his visit to the Petty Officers' mess on board the guided-missile destroyer HMS *Hampshire*. He spent part of the third day of the State visit watching a naval exercise in the Channel off Portsmouth from HMS *Hampshire*

Top above: Outside the Greek Embassy in London, Mrs Betty Ambatielos talks to journalists after her meeting with the Greek Prime Minister, Mr Pipinelis. She had been prominent among those campaigning for the release of political prisoners in Greece. Her husband has been imprisoned for 16 years. It was announced during the State visit that 17 prisoners had been released in Athens. Most of them were Communists arrested during the Greek Civil War of 1945-9

Above: Demonstrators outside Claridge's Hotel, where King Paul and Queen Frederika were giving a dinner for members of the British Royal Family

NEWS SUMMARY

Hopes for a test ban; the Great Schism; London reorganisation; a coalition for British Guiana?

78

International

Hopes rose for an East-West partial ban on nuclear tests when it was learnt during the weekend that Mr Khrushchev would lead the Russian delegation at the opening meeting last Monday of the tripartite test ban talks in Moscow. Britain's chief representative is Lord Hailsham and America's Mr Averell Harriman. It was not known how long the Russian Prime Minister would participate personally in the negotiations expected to last a week or ten days, but his attendance even for one day could be taken as a good augury. A partial ban would presumably cover tests in the atmosphere and under water but not those underground. One of the first tasks of the Western negotiators was to try to discover how serious the Russians are in their professed wish to have a partial test ban linked to a non-aggression treaty between the Nato and Warsaw Pact powers. This would cause difficulties for the West because East Germany would be involved. Another point to be clarified was the extent of Soviet objections to a complete ban, which would involve on-site inspections.

The Moscow talks derive from the Geneva test ban conference, which began nearly five years ago, and from letters exchanged between Mr Kennedy and Mr Khrushchev and Mr Macmillan and Mr Khrushchev. Recent indications of an easing of tension have been the agreement for the Washington-Moscow "hot-line" to prevent war by accident, and the stopping by Russia of jamming of British and American broadcasts in Russian.

Perhaps the most important factor in any Soviet wish for a detente with the West is the Great Schism with China. As the nuclear talks began, it seemed improbable that the Sino-Soviet doctrinal conversations, taking place outside Moscow, could continue much longer. The atmosphere was so bitter it was thought they would have to be adjourned. Last Sunday a slashing attack on the Chinese Communists was published in an 18,000-word open letter in *Pravda*, the Russian Communists' party organ. China was accused of being prepared to sacrifice "hundreds of millions of people in nuclear war" to establish world communism. *Pravda* also published for the first time in Russia the text of the Chinese letter of June 15 to the Soviet leaders, in which the principle of peaceful coexistence was roundly condemned.

Great Britain

British Security remained in the news, although in a rather confused manner. It was announced last week that an important Soviet agent had defected to the West 18 months ago; according to reports, he had given himself up to American authorities and was now in Britain. His name was later said to be Anotoli Dolnytsin. There were stories from the United States that American security services were surprised that his existence had been revealed at all, and that, contrary to British reports, he was not "the biggest spy catch since the end of the war."

Security has been one of the issues which has brought about the crisis within the Government. At the beginning of this week, there was little sign that the Conservative back-benchers had gone back on their desire, more or less general, for a change in leadership, although this no longer seemed as pressing as it was. Mr Macmillan was to meet the executive of the 1922 Committee of Conservative back-benchers on Monday. It was the first time that he had confronted leading Tory back-benchers in private since the Profumo scandal broke. One important speech last weekend was made by Mr Iain Macleod, senior co-chairman of the Conservative Party. He took the opportunity to praise Mr Macmillan, and say there would be no election this year.

Meanwhile important business was conducted in Parliament. Both the long and complicated Weights and Measures Bill and the controversial London Government Bill got through their third readings in the Lords and went back to the Commons. The London Government Bill, which redraws the administrative areas of London, faces further storms. Labour has promised to repeal the Bill if it comes to power.

In elections at Ford's works at Dagenham, leadership of the 30,000 manual workers has been taken out of the control of Communists. The conveners of shop stewards at the four main plants are now all non-Communists.

Mr John Strachey, M.P., member of the post-war Labour Government, died suddenly last Monday.

United States

The extent of the rationalisation of the US Armed Services, which Mr McNamara, the Secretary of Defence, has been carrying out, is shown in a memorandum to President Kennedy last week. In the last two years, a cut in defence expenditure of £360 million was achieved, while at the same time the US increased its tactical nuclear weapons deployed in Europe by 60 per cent. Other figures for the same period are: a 45 per cent. increase in combat-ready army divisions; a 30 per cent. increase in the number of tactical air squadrons; and a 200 per cent. increase in forces trained to deal with guerilla threats.

Malta

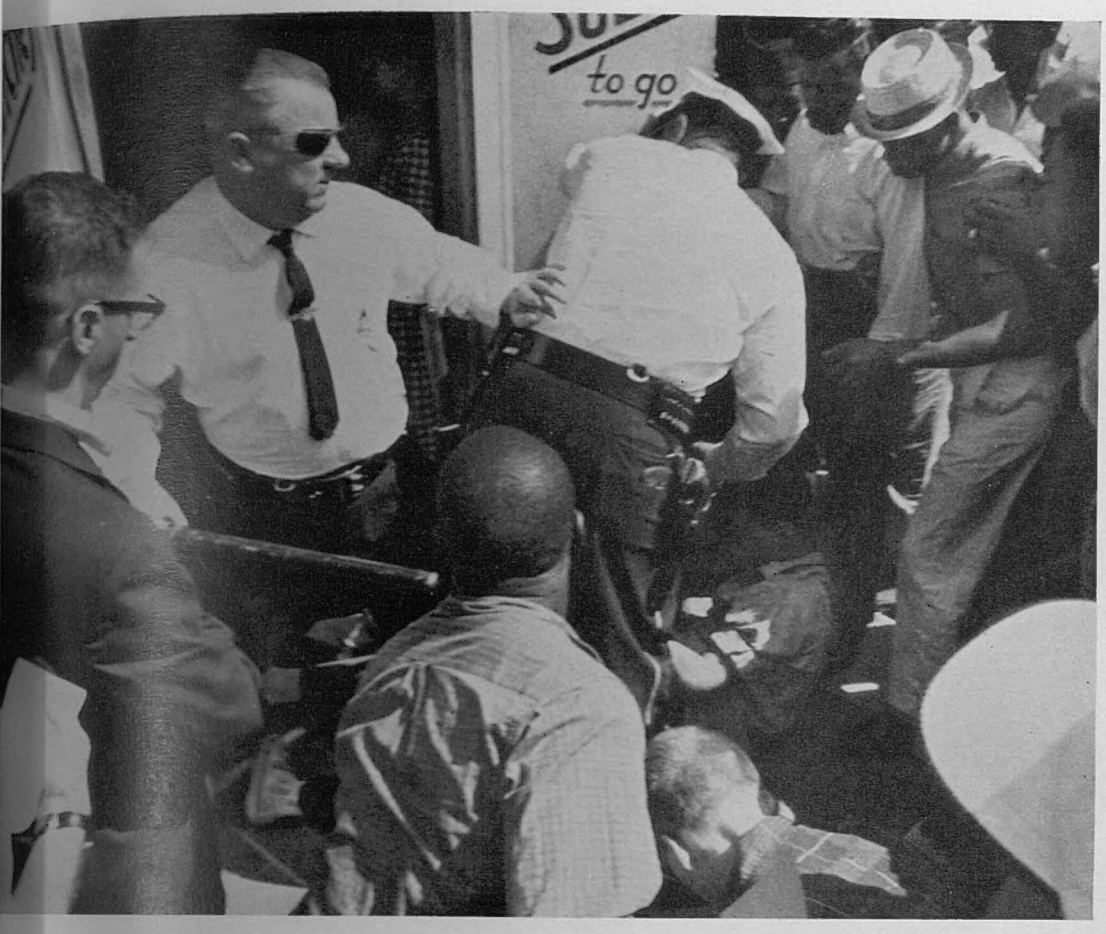
The Constitutional Conference was due to begin in London this week under the chairmanship of Mr Sandys, Colonial and Commonwealth Secretary. The conference is discussing a draft plan for independence, drawn up by Dr Borg Olivier, Prime Minister of Malta and Leader of the Nationalist Party. The plan, however, is not agreed by all the political parties of Malta. There were noisy demonstrations as delegates left Luqa airport for London last weekend. Dr Olivier's supporters clashed with members of the opposition parties. The leader of the main opposition party, Mr Dom Mintoff, has called for immediate elections to precede independence outside the Commonwealth.

British Guiana

During his visit to Georgetown last week Mr Sandys proposed a coalition Government to end the present crisis in British Guiana. He arranged for the Prime Minister, Dr Jagan, who leads the People's Progressive Party, to discuss his proposal with Mr Forbes Burnham, leader of the People's National Congress, who would be deputy premier in the new government. The PNC party would get four of the ten cabinet seats. Mr Sandys is said to have promised a conference later this year to discuss a date for independence. Mr Burnham is demanding new elections before independence comes, with proportional representation. His party includes a large number of Negro supporters. Early this week racial violence in the colony had not been stemmed by the arrival of further British troops.

Lord Hailsham and Mr Averell Harriman meet in London to concert their policies before flying to Moscow

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

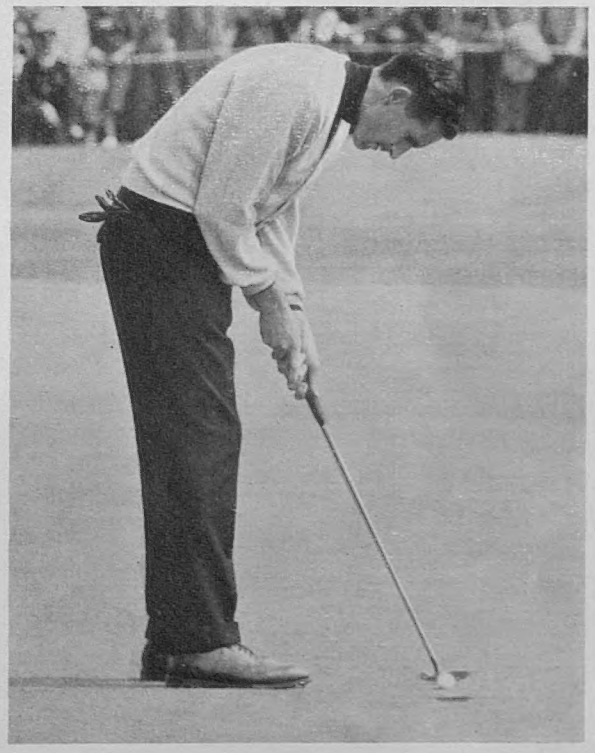


More race riots in the United States

In Cambridge, Maryland, police move in to break up the fighting outside the Dizzyland restaurant after integrationalists attempted a sit-in protest in the restaurant. The incident provoked a fresh wave of fighting and violence in the troubled city last week. Six people were shot and according to police officials there were sounds of gunfire all over the city. As a result 400 National Guardsmen were ordered back and a modified version of martial law brought into effect. This included a 9 p.m. curfew to clear the streets. The Maryland State Constitution forbids martial law being imposed on the civilian population. Instead militia law, which does not entirely supersede the civilian authorities, is imposed. The Guardsmen were called back after spending a 25-day tour in the city to cope with outbreaks of racial violence. Also last week there were battles between police and integrationalist demonstrators in Savannah, Georgia, and Danville, Virginia. Police used tear gas and fire hoses to disperse demonstrators. In Washington, talks have taken place with negro leaders to ensure that the huge Civil Rights march in the capital on August 28 takes place peacefully

First world record pole vault in Britain

At the White City Stadium in London the American pole vaulter John Pennell clears 16 ft. $8\frac{3}{4}$ ins. to break the world record for this event. A double decker bus could drive beneath the bar with 2 ft. to spare. His feat, the first world record achieved in a men's field event in Britain for 50 years, was the highlight of the AAA Championships in which British competitors did well this year. Pennell said he hoped to beat 17 ft. this summer



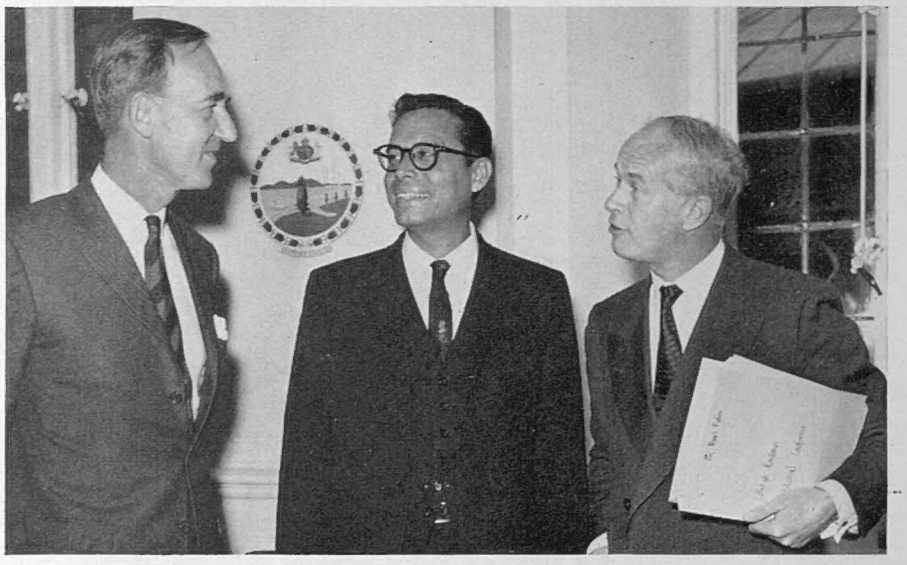
Left-handed winner of the Open

Bob Charles of New Zealand putts on the 18th green at Royal Lytham and St Annes during the Open Golf Championship. He went on to win the Open last Saturday, the first New Zealander and the first left-hander ever to do so. In a 36-hole play-off he beat Phil Rodgers of the US by eight strokes. His strength lay in his superlative putting. There was a strong field for the Open, which included the Americans Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

80 **Agreement on Malaysia signed**

At Marlborough House, London, three signatories to the agreement on the establishment of the Federation of Malaysia are: Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya; Mr Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, and Mr Macmillan. The ceremony took place late at night after many days of uncertainty. It provides for the creation on August 31 of a Federation composed of Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo and Sarawak. The last two, which are still colonies, are to receive their independence soon. North Borneo under the new Federation will be known as Sabah. The oil-state of Brunei, a Sultanate under British protection, had refused to sign the agreement. The defence agreement between Britain and Malaya will apply to the whole of the new Federation



The future of Honduras

At the Colonial Office in London are, from left: Sir Peter Stallard, Governor of British Honduras; Mr G. C. Price, First Minister of British Honduras, and Mr Nigel Fisher, Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Colonial Office. They were about to take part in the opening session of the talks on the revision of the constitution of British Honduras. Advance to internal self-government was expected—the stage before full independence

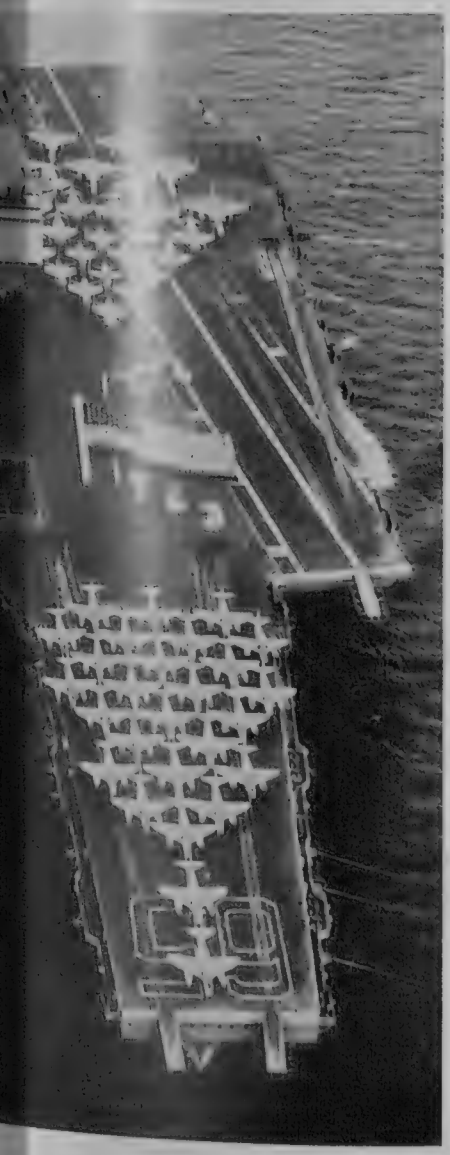
Faster than on four wheels

Graham Hill, the holder of the world motor-racing championship, stands beneath an F 100F Super Sabre jet at the U.S. Air Base at Woodbridge in Suffolk. At the invitation of the U.S. 78th Tactical Fighter Squadron, he flew in a Super Sabre at faster than the speed of sound, at 35,000 ft. over the North Sea. Thus he became a member of the Mach Busters' Club, exclusive to those who have flown faster than Mach 1 in a Super Sabre

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Blaze follows Hastings blast

Firemen fight fires in buildings along the sea front at Hastings in Sussex. The blaze followed violent explosions believed to be due to escaping gas. Many people were injured and about 40 were taken to hospitals. The police evacuated premises for half a mile along the front and a Civil Defence Centre was opened as a rest centre for those evacuated. It was estimated between 300 and 400 people had had to leave their homes. Firemen and Civil Defence workers remained on watch all night and on the following day, as there were fears of further explosions from gas leaks below the surface



The Funeral of Lord Freyberg

Grenadier Guardsmen bear the flag-draped coffin of Lord Freyberg from St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The burial took place later in the family vault at Guildford, Surrey. General Lord Freyberg, VC, was Governor-General of New Zealand from 1946 to 1952 and Commander-in-Chief of the New Zealand forces in the Second World War. He won the DSO at Gallipoli and the Victoria Cross for his part in the operations in the Battle of the Somme in World War I

Independence Day at Sea

Members of the complement of the U.S. nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *Enterprise* are drawn up in the centre of the flight deck in the shape of the American flag and the dates 1776 and 1963. This tableau was in honour of Independence Day. *Enterprise* is the largest and most advanced aircraft carrier ever built. She has a displacement of 85,800 tons (full load) and a total complement of 440 officers and 4,160 men

U Thant is greeted in Italy

The U.N. Secretary-General is welcomed in Rome by President Segni. During his stay he visited the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation's headquarters and had a half-hour's private audience with the Pope. U Thant had come to Rome from Geneva where he had met heads of specialised international agencies such as the ILO and discussed current African opposition to South African and Portuguese membership

JOHN CONNELL

FEDERATIONS DEAD AND ALIVE

82 Early last week two senior British Cabinet Ministers were on the move and in the news. Mr R. A. Butler flew in to London, tired but triumphant, having presided over the funeral of the Central African Federation at Victoria Falls. Mr Duncan Sandys flew out to British Guiana, tired but triumphant, having presided over the birth (at midnight in Marlborough House) of the new Federation of Malaysia.

This coincidence, we were assured, was merely fortuitous. But it happened to occur at a time when the words "federation" and "unity" were much in the air. The confusion about the meaning of both words, it seems to me, is growing apace: and I have come to the conclusion that it would be helpful if politicians, before they composed great speeches or before they launched into grandiose projects, were to think out and to try to understand the vocabulary they employ.

I myself refuse to be as confused as the politicians. Let us therefore define our terms. Federation, says the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, is the action of uniting in a league or covenant, the union of several states, etc., under a federal government, each retaining control of its own internal affairs. Unity (a far more complex concept) is, I discover from the same unimpeachable source, the fact, quality or condition of being one in number; oneness, singleness; the quality or condition of being one in feeling, action, purpose, etc.; harmonious combination of parties or persons. There is a grandeur about the two words; they are evocative of noble and stirring sentiments; but they are also ideas which are difficult in execution.

In my view they have been played about with loosely and irresponsibly in recent years; much individual grief and suffering has followed, and is by no means at an end yet. Consider, for example, what has been and is being done, misdone and undone, in the name of Arab unity and African unity. Consider the Federations which are being made and broken. Will our descendants not be justified in regarding us as political and constitutional featherbrains capable of making major and grave decisions in a flurry and a scurry but incapable of the courage and the tenacity of purpose to turn those decisions into a consistent policy ?

Within a brief period of months there have occurred: (1) the African "summit" gathering at Addis Ababa; (2) the creation and dissolution of a new version of the United Arab Republic; (3) rapid and loudly applauded moves to establish an East African Federation; (4) the liquidation of the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland; and (5) the agreement to set up, at the end of next month, the new Federation of Malaysia, with the declared intention that it shall be "a bulwark against Communism in South East Asia." Unity fascinates the political leaders of nations which have achieved independence, possess—or have evolved the myth that they possess—an heroic anti-colonialist past, and are deeply and vindictively suspicious of what they believe to be sinister attempts to load them with neo-colonialist chains. The great exponent of Arab unity is President Nasser, and of African unity Dr Nkrumah. They are

President Nasser, of the U.A.R, meets Mr Oginga Odinga, Kenya Home Affairs Minister (centre), in Ca

both revolutionaries, and their aspirations will in the end clash, but they and their followers are scornful of anyone who tries to draw their attention to this simple truth.

At Addis Ababa President Nkrumah spoke grandiloquently on the general theme of African unity, and its detailed application in such matters as the establishment of a federal parliament, customs unions and (especially dear to his heart) a unified high command, to defend Africa against the machinations of neo-colonialists and to liberate those parts of Southern Africa in which there are still considerable areas of white settlement. It would be foolish and irresponsible to be complacent about these aims, or about the sincerity with which Dr Nkrumah expressed them; but it is worth laying some stress on the factor which is common to the ideas of African and Arab unity: hatred. African hatred is now concentrated on Southern Rhodesia, Portuguese Africa and the Republic of South Africa, and it is finding expression in dangerous ways, about which the United States Government—now striving to handle its own crisis of race relations—is belatedly showing anxiety.

Sober disquiet in America

On the day last week on which Dr Nkrumah addressed an urgent note to the British Government, asking them not to grant Southern Rhodesia independence on any terms other than those he outlined, the *New York Times* had some soberly disquieting words to say about the action of the representatives of African nations in illegally expelling a South African delegate from the ILO's recent meeting in Geneva, and in repeating this tactic against Portugal in the International Conference on Education, sponsored by Unesco. The *New York Times* commended Mr Adlai Stevenson for his efforts "to cope with a situation potentially destructive of the United Nations itself" and made it clear that these actions, "merely overtures for more drastic steps," such as expelling Portugal and South Africa from the U.N., imposing sanctions on them and raising military forces for "wars of liberation," are regarded with the gravest displeasure by the United States.

For the Arab political leaders the focus of hatred is Israel. On the desire to liquidate Israel, and on this alone, they are united. Last April (it will be recalled) Egypt, Iraq and Syria agreed on a charter setting up a new federation, which was to come into being after its contribution had been accepted by plebiscites which were to be held in each country within five months. Immediately, in both Iraq and Syria, fierce quarrelling broke out between the Nasserites and the Baathist factions, each of which busily protested its passionate adherence to the idea of Arab unity. Now less than three months later the Egyptians are still engaged in their colonial enterprise in the Yemen, the Iraqis are bogging themselves down in a grim little extermination campaign against the Kurds, and the less bloodthirsty and more politically sophisticated Syrians are playing the old game of coups d'état. Jordan has had a surprisingly tranquil General Election, principally because Colonel Nasser's most reliable political warfare experts are no longer in action around Amman, but are in Damascus.

At midnight or thereby on the night of July 8-9, after a couple of days of almost farcical comings and goings, Mr Sandys by sheer unflagging cussedness got four signatures to the agreement setting up the Federation of Malaysia. The chief cause of the hitch for some hours was a stubborn wrangle over the purchase-price of some rather expensive land on Singapore Island, but when this had been smoothed out it was discovered that Brunei was going to opt out, on the mildly endearing grounds that its Sultan's claim that he should take precedence over the rulers of all the other territories was not met.

A day or two earlier, Mr Butler had fixed the date for the final dissolution of the Central African Federation. Then he came back to smile in front of the television cameras, and to express his sadness at the suggestion that the white population of Rhodesia should feel any sense of having been betrayed by Britain and the British Government. As he explained, we have to face facts. As one who, in a private capacity and with dismal incompetence, has to try to explain these facts to the elderly and indigent refugees from Kenya, I find myself confronted by two questions. First, will British Cabinet Ministers, Parliament and 99 per cent. of my fellow countrymen realise what they have done to men and women who cherished the illusion that they were our brothers and sisters ? And second, when the new Federation of East Africa is set up what will be its cost—in suffering, as well as cash—and how long will it last?

SISTER MAGDALENE STRIKES OUT

She is taking part in a baseball game at the Davenport Ranch near Austin in Texas. Eighty nuns from many parts of the U.S., attending special summer classes at St. Edward's University, Texas, were invited to the ranch for the day. They played volleyball as well as baseball

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

84

The full prize

Lord Hailsham carries to Moscow the highest hopes men set their hearts upon—in this country and in all others, unless the common man in the Chinese mainland is an exception. Mr Macmillan has made abundantly clear the importance he attached to this mission for the peace of the world and the greater glory of the Tory party in Britain. Mr Wilson altruistically offered valuable hints to Lord Hailsham as to the proper method of approach to Mr Khrushchev, whose character and foibles Mr Wilson knew like the palm of his hand. He had recently paid a short visit to Moscow. The full prize—the total abolition of nuclear tests and weapons—is no doubt too vast a hope for humanity to clutch at for a generation ahead. For my part I have always felt bitter disappointment at the failures of Western leaders hitherto to secure even a booby prize in this contest. A solemn promise entered into before the world by Russia and America and her allies to ban nuclear tests may not mean much, but it means more, wins at least more time, than no promise at all. If the question of inspection has hitherto prevented such a mutual declaration, who can prophesy what the marvels of science can achieve in the next two or three years? Every 12 months science nowadays achieves the impossible. Who knows whether science will not prove before 1965 that inspection is bunk and every nuclear test ascertainable instantly outside the country of origin ?

The smaller prize

For my ignorant part, I would rather win a £25 prize now in this International Premium Bond gamble than hope on, unrewarded, for a £5,000 prize some day. £25 may not mean much in terms of spending power, but it buys a little hope, and at least suggests that the draw is carried out on the square. Even that government which 50 years ago tore up a scrap of paper, never lost a sense of guilt at that action and history has branded it with eternal shame. If some convention can at last be achieved to ban further nuclear tests even for a limited period, it will be a signal sign of progress after a long stalemate. So far as Russia and America are concerned, there is no reason to suppose that it would inevitably be unilaterally abrogated—another "scrap of paper." That Britain would abrogate it is unthinkable. The leaders, East and West, are perfectly aware that even if one party, by abrogation in secret, gained some further test advantages in the death-race, still the utter destruction of all participants in a nuclear war is already assured by present stockpiles.

Confused noises

The Wilson Committee report on noise is out at last. It is rather above my head. I am no good at reckoning by "decibels registered on a sound level meter with weighting," but I accept the conclusion that though the noise we endure today is bad for physical health, it is not yet bad enough to send us round the bend. The countryman can stay sane with a ration of 40 such decibels by day and 30 by night. Townsmen are inured to higher rations. Commuters are tough enough to endure 76 for brief periods of travel. Broadly, I see this three-year study gathering dust in Government archives with innumerable other reports. The Government has already rejected the proposal that it should "find the money" (our money) to turn the noisiest homes into padded cells, and another conclusion that better roads might reduce traffic din may be regarded as either long-term or trite. But ice-cream vendors may chime on. They are as restful as church bell-ringers. Of course, this report is full of useful information but unlikely in the next few years to evoke the quotation: "The rest is silence." Meanwhile, if our hard-worked police could find time to get among the city youths who break up their revels at dawn with the maximum of noise, among the lads of the village who at all hours roar down country lanes and across commons on their machines, or even at the transistor fiends, we might applaud the Wilson Committee for giving publicity to the evils of noise, and decide that their labours were not in vain, if they inspire authority to make practical use of the anti-noise sanctions already on the Statute Book.

Wide open still

Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* is on its way to its 4,500th performance, and poor old *Chu Chin Chow* looks like a theatrical flop. It is vulgar to talk about money (though not uncommon), but I should like very much to know how much that talented authoress has made out of it. An interest in statistics is innocent enough as a hobby and I should like also to know how many people have seen the play, how many have seen it more than once and how many actors have performed in it during its record run. Dramatists, novelists and theatrical producers no doubt would give their souls to learn "the secret none can utter": what is the recipe, what the ingredients, that can make a play or a novel a best-seller? But they will never have a chance to barter their souls for that vital secret, which is hidden in the lap of the god of chance—

"No farther seek its merits to disclose,
Or draw its frailties from its dread abode.
There they alike in trembling hope repose."

Genius cannot create a best-seller, infinite pains cannot produce a record run. All depends on an undiscovered ingredient—an X—which no literary or dramatic Mrs Beeton has ever listed. It has been impiously suggested that Mrs B. never in her life herself cooked even a poached egg. That is significant. For she produced a best-seller from her recipes without knowing why.

A link with Europe

The latest project for a Channel link, combining artificial islands with bridges, tunnels and other engineering feats already proposed, suggested that we shall probably be linked to Europe by the Common Market long before we shall achieve this more tangible form of marriage. To one ignoramus, at any rate, the "islands" plan seemed a counsel of despair. The Channel is hazardous at all times, for the strength of its spring tides, and the plan to canalise those tides still further with solid dams was not likely to find favour with governments or with their marine and constructional engineering advisers. Any scheme for a Channel link above the surface of the sea always appears to me to be based on an ideal picture of summer warmth and glassy calm which most regular cross-Channel passengers consider themselves lucky if they experience twice in a lifetime. If all these schemes envisaged the Channel enjoying a late November gale, they would probably seek to attract the public less with promises of open-air, island restaurants and more with guarantees of sea defences and triplex glass screens. The "island" scheme, if not a counsel of despair, is surely a clear indication that the link, when it comes, will be a continuous tunnel with no surface obstacles to interfere with manoeuvrability in a narrow and treacherous channel. So it was a century ago. *The Old Stage*

Left: The Queen Mother on her four-day visit to the Isle of Man. She rewards the horse that took her along the promenade at Douglas in one of the "toast-rack" trams

Below: The Aeronautical Gallery at the Science Museum was opened recently in the new centre block. The Collection has been closed to the public for 2½ years. Now, the old items have been renovated, many new exhibits added, and an area reserved for a section on the development of space travel and rocketry, which includes at present a V2 motor

Above: Children at London's Scala Theatre for a rehearsal of a Dancing Matinée, organised by Dorice Stainer. It was in aid of the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal

Left: The new £1,800,000 Poultry Market at Smithfield opened by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Ralph Perring. The market, designed by Sir Thomas Bennet, has one of the largest clear-span roofs in Europe. The former market was destroyed by fire five years ago

Right: Men of the London Fire Brigade are inspected during their annual review by Mr Christopher Woodhouse, Joint Under-Secretary, Home Office. After the Parade at Brigade Headquarters on the Albert Embankment, the firemen gave a fine display of fire-fighting

BIRD ATTACKS MAN

Out of his capacious sleeve, Alfred Hitchcock, that veteran master of the thriller, has produced one of his most surprising and frightening films. Called *The Birds*, it is due to open in London next month. Its theme is how the birds of the air start to wage war on mankind—a bizarre idea he manages to make seem all too real. Once again, the Hitchcock trick is worked —the film starts on a note of light comedy. A rich girl in San Francisco called Melanie meets a young lawyer called Mitch in a pet shop. She decides to follow him at the weekend to his home in a small village on Bodega Bay on the northern coast of California. Everything seems peaceful. Suddenly as she is manoeuvring a small boat in harbour, a gull swoops down and gashes her forehead. The incident is shrugged off. Life resumes the normal pattern of a small community. But more people are hit by birds. Then as Melanie is visiting Mitch and his family—mother and young sister—in their isolated farmhouse. thousands of finches erupt from the fireplace of the living-room, like a swarm of outsized wasps. From then incident is piled upon incident, until even a solitary crow sitting idle but malevolent on a fence has a frightening suggestibility.

It is now well known that Alfred Hitchcock makes a fleeting appearance in all his films. To help those who like to spot him, the photograph left shows him as he is to-day. He is on set for the film with his new star Tippi Hedren, whom he spotted in a television commercial and has starred in a long, exhausting role in her first film. Hitchcock. when the film was shown with great acclaim at Cannes during the film festival, declined to reveal how he had achieved the realism of the bird war. But it can be said that although some mechanical models were used, most of the birds are live. Credit must go to Hitchcock's bird trainer, Ray Berwick. The film, which is in Technicolor, is based on a story by Daphne du Maurier, and is released in Britain by Rank.

Thousands of finches erupt down the chimney of the Daniels' home to attack Melanie (Tippi Hedren), her mother (Jessica Tandy) and Mitch Brenner (Rod Taylor). **Left:** Ravens attack the young children of Bodega Bay as they flee from their schoolhouse

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

88 **UGANDA**

The positive role for Africa in World politics

Mr. Milton Obote

Mr Milton Obote, Prime Minister of Uganda, was recently honoured by the University of Long Island in the USA with an Honorary Degree of a Doctor of Laws. In his speech of thanks Mr Obote told his audience that Africa's refusal to identify itself with either East or West was not a tactical manoeuvre but the expression of a firm conviction that the continent had a positive role of its own to play in international politics. Neither the pattern of Western Society nor that of Communist countries was exactly suited to Africa. Mr Obote said he believed that of all the chapters in the history of man the one on the domination of Africa by the Europeans would go down as the most significant. Europe had found Africa in small and often warring fragments, and had amalgamated them into larger units capable of effective national life. Thirty-two of these units were now independent states. Others were still dependent countries, and the question of their independence was a burning issue in African politics. Even the Republic of South Africa had yet to achieve independence. The difference between it and Angola was that in South Africa the colonialist was nearer home.

If the Western powers had done much for Africa, the resources of Africa were at the same time contributing enormously to the economic stability of Europe. Mr Obote denied that African leaders of today were bitter about this. But it had to be remembered that throughout Africa colonialisation had involved the by-products of dehumanisation and psychological enslavement.

Even free Africa had not yet entirely thrown off alien rule and was highly conscious of the humiliation of imperialism. This point needed emphasising. Africa was hypersensitive to outside attempts to control African thought and economy. The policy of the new African nations was above all to ensure their freedom of decision.

Western culture had nevertheless penetrated deeply. Mr Obote said that Africans were immensely grateful for the external aid they received from time to time from the U.S. The U.S., as the most powerful and the richest state in the world, had a duty towards mankind to assist, but Mr Obote believed that the successful projection of the U.S. image in Africa lay more in a solution to the Negro problem than in foreign aid. African leaders expect the West to practise those ideals of Christianity and democracy that they preach. " We are disappointed," he said, " to find the West compromising on the very principles they value so much." In the case of South Africa, Angola and Mozambique, the West was preaching one thing and practising another.

The wealth of Africa had still to be assessed. Africans could not afford to be particular about whether the assessors were socialist or capitalist, Mr. Obote concluded. What they must not do is attempt to impose upon Africans their values and ideologies.

Above: Three members of Jamaica's netball team arrive at London Airport. From the left they are Miss Hermione Edmondson, Mrs Barbara Jones and Miss Valerie Fleming. The party, which consists of 11 players and a manager-umpire, is touring Britain before taking part in the World Netball Tournament at Eastbourne from August 2-14. Places where matches are being played besides London include Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Bromsgrove and Coventry

Right: Sir Thomas Macdonald, the High Commissioner for New Zealand in Great Britain, talks with Mr A. E. Able, the Assistant Manager of the new branch of the Bank of New Zealand, at the Pall Mall corner of the new New Zealand House in London. The High Commissioner had just opened the branch

Above: Three Zanzibari politicians making campaign speeches before the elections. In descending order they are Mr Jhabit Kombo, General Secretary of the Afro-Shirazi party; Mr Matro Rahani, Vice-President of the Afro-Shirazi party; and Mr Juma Aley, the Finance Minister and a leader of the Zanzibar Nationalist party

Above left: During a visit to the Aga Khan Platinum Jubilee Hospital in Nairobi, Dr Mungai (second from left), Kenya Health Minister, admires the baby of Mrs Kibaki (left). With them are Dr Waiyaki, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, and Sister Kariuki

Left: Sir Ralph Campbell, Chief Justice of the Bahamas, reviews a guard of honour before opening a Supreme Court Session

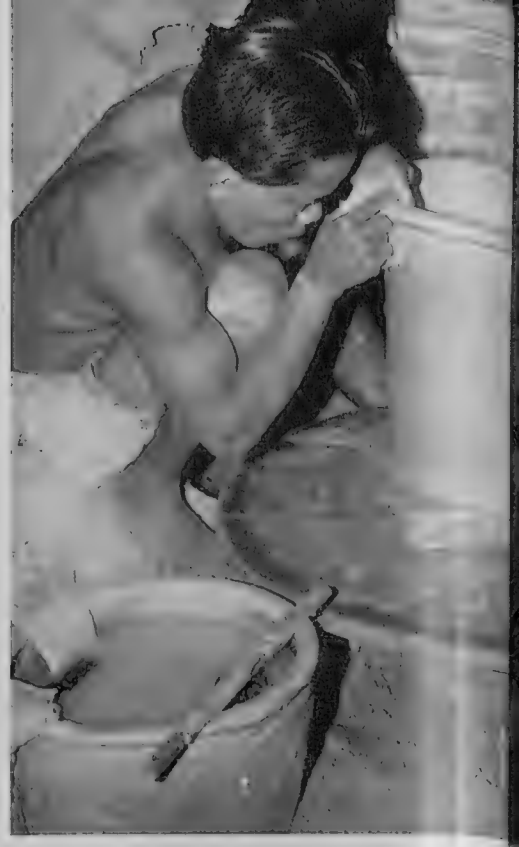
BOOK REVIEWS

After Nehru, Who? by Welles Hangen: Rupert Hart-Davis. 30s. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru will be 74 on the 14th of November. Great as he is, he cannot be expected to remain Prime Minister of India for many years longer. His pre-eminence as a leader and the importance of his office make the question of his successor highly speculative. In this book, the American journalist Welles Hangen has compiled a portrait gallery of eight possible heirs to Mr Nehru's mantle. Morarji Desai, Finance Minister; Indira Gandhi, Nehru's daughter; Lal Bahadur Shastri, Minister of Home Affairs; Y. B. Chavan, Defence Minister; Jayaprakash Narayan; S. K. Pratil, Minister of Food and Agriculture; General Brij Mohan Kaul, chief of the General Staff of the Indian Army; and V. K. Krishna Menon is also short-listed, despite his fall from power in November 1962. Unlike most of these figures, Mr Nehru has stood apart from faction. If his heir is to "succeed in any but a purely chronological sense" he must tap new sources of strength in Indian Society. The author, as chief of the South Asia News Bureau for the National Broadcasting Company, has been in a good position to see what these cources are likely to be and at the same time to make a close study of the drifts of power and fortune in Indian politics.

I, the Aboriginal by Douglas Lockwood. Cassell. 25s. This is the life-story of Waipuldanya of the Alawi tribe of Australian Aboriginals, as told to the author, resident correspondent in Darwin for an Australian group of newspapers. Waipuldanya was born on a paperbark couch in the bushland of the Northern Territory. He was given a tribal initiation by fire. As a piccaninny he was sung to death by a malevolent Medicine Man who wished to punish his clan. He was taught to hunt wild animals with spears and woomeras and to be self-reliant in the bush. He married a tribal woman chosen for him by his uncle. Then, in 1953, Waipuldanya was chosen by a white doctor to be his driver and orderly. He became Philip Roberts and acquired the civilisation of white men, but always remaining an Aboriginal with tribal fears and loyalties underneath. The transformation of a primitive mind to a modern intelligence enabled the author in a hundred hours of interviewing to make a record that provides a singular insight into the life of the tribes down under.

Australian Painting by Bernard Smith: Oxford University Press. 84s. A lavish well-illustrated conspectus of painting in Australia from 1788 until 1960. The author describes with scholarly detail how the earliest artists—the Port Jackson Painter, Watling, Earle and Glover—depicted the Australian scene, the flora, fauna and landscape, with the closely observed and unmannered rendering of the eighteenth-century topographer. As the colonies developed, new aspects of life were painted but very much after European styles. Australian landscape painted as Buvelot and Ashton painted it might easily have been European. Not until Roberts and Streeton did anything of its peculiar character manifest itself in Australian painting. Mr Smith finally traces the arrival of Contemporary Art, and the emergence of painters as famous in Europe as they are in the country of their birth and upbringing, William Dobell, Arthur and David Boyd, John Olsen and Sydney Nolan.

THAILAND ART



As is the case with most other countries, the art of Thailand derives from religion. The vast majority of the 25 million population is Buddhist in faith and this is a creed which has created some of the finest works of art throughout Asia. Many of the motifs originally used in the carved decorations of temples and shrines have now been taken into profane art but there is little mass-production. Thai craftsmen still prefer to produce individual creations.

The two largest cities—Bangkok, the capital, and Chieng Mai—are the chief centres for artists and they also contain the largest numbers of religious buildings. Adornments for temples include carved teakwood figures of dragons and ornate gables, gold, silver and jewelled ornaments and figures of Buddha and splendid silk vestments. The famous silks of Thailand are often woven with a gold thread into strips or squares and used to decorate statues of the Buddha.

Criticism is heard among the older people that the younger generation of artists is neglecting the traditional and turning to Western styles. But in fact there are still numerous artists working in the old manner with old-fashioned care.

Far left: An imaginative and skilfully carved dragon's head is typical of the sculptures to be found at the entrances to Thai temples

Top left: An artisan near Chieng Mai shapes the lip of a large pot while his assistant keeps the wheel spinning at even speed

Above left: A sculptor near Bangkok works on a portrayal of a deceased Buddhist monk. His model is the photograph in background

Above: House-temples made of clay in traditional designs and in vivid colours are part of the domestic scene in most homes

Left: Dragon-tail roof ends carved from wood and covered with squares of coloured glass are used as ornaments on temple gables

Right: A Thai artisan works on the bronze of a Buddha. Much of the inspiration for the traditional art of Thailand comes from religion

DRINK RECIPES IN RHYME

92

O Peggy, Peggy, when thou go'st to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do.
Be wise: very sedately think
That what you're going to make is—drink.
Consider who must drink that drink, and then
What 'tis to have the praise of honest men.
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
The nymph who spiced her brewages so well.

The verse appears anonymously on the inside cover of a notebook, which I have recently come across and which belonged to my Aunt Myfanwy. But it was not hers originally, for it bears on the cover the initials J.H. and the date 1868. In 1868 my Aunt Myfanwy was 13: an age at which she would not, I think, have been interested in drink, and this notebook is filled with recipes for what are, on the whole, pretty potent drinks. The verse, however, is in her handwriting.

I do not know who J.H. was, but he or she took drink-making seriously. In addition to the recipes are numerous quotations. It is evident that J.H. was very well read. He or she must, therefore, have been of some age when the notebook was compiled—one does not acquire a recondite knowledge of a subject early in life—and so I think it probable that some of these recipes are old and some probably traditional ones handed down through J.H.'s family. Some three years ago, on this page, I gave some recipes for country wines made and drunk in England today. That article brought me a considerable mail. So perhaps you would now like to try your hand at some really old ones.

One of the oldest is probably this:

From famed Barbados, on the western main,
Fetch sugar, ounces four; fetch sack from Spain,
A pint; and from the Eastern coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of our northern toast;
O'er flaming coals let them together heat
Till the all-conquering sack dissolve the sweet.
O'er another such fire put eggs just ten,
New born from tread of cock and rump of hen;
Stir them with steady hand and conscience pricking
To see the untimely end of ten fine chicken.
From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet;
A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it.
When boiled and cold, put milk and sack to eggs.
Unite them firmly like the triple leagues,
And on the fire let them together dwell
Till miss sing twice—you must not kiss and tell:
Each lad and lass take up a silver spoon
And fall on fiercely like a starved dragoon.

Alongside is this note:

Sacke will make the merrie mind be sad,
So it will make the melancholie glad.
If mirth and sadness doth in sacke remain,
When I am sad I'll take some sacke again.

Which has an Elizabethan ring to me. One cannot now, of course, get a genuine sack; but a pint of a really good medium sherry or Madeira ought to make a worthy substitute.

And, personally, I like the sound of this:

To one pint of whisky and two glasses of brandy add the juice of one lemon and a wine-glass full of boiling ale; well stir into a half-pound of brown sugar, and add a quart of boiling water. Stand for three days and drink hot.

Perhaps rather too much water? But that, no doubt, depends upon the size of the glass you use for the brandy. At any rate, surely a good drink for a cold day. These drinks are, of course, Punches—the name comes from *Punj*, meaning five, which was the usual number of ingredients. The notebook contains a great many recipes for Punches. Here is another in prose:

Extract the oil from the rind of a large lemon by rubbing it with lumps of sugar; add the juice of two lemons and two Seville oranges, together with the finely pared rind; put into a jug with one pint of rum, one pint of brandy, and a half-pound of brown sugar; stir well together, then add one pint of infusion of green tea and one quart of boiling water. Mix well, and add one pint of calves'-foot jelly and two glasses of dry sherry. Stir. Serve as hot as can be swallowed.

I think that J.H. must have lived in a cold climate! But he or she also went in for Cups on a big scale. And they certainly were not the sort of Cups that you get at garden parties nowadays. For example:

To one bottle of champagne and one bottle of brandy add two wine-glasses of Madeira, a liqueur-glass of Maraschino, two slices of Seville orange peel and one slice of lemon peel. Before drinking pour in a bottle of seltzer-water and serve with a sprig of verbena.

If your pocket won't run to the expense of these ingredients, this strange mixture sounds as though it might hold a less expensive kick:

One pint of Scotch ale, one pint of mild beer, one pint of brandy, one pint of sherry, a half-pound of brown sugar and plenty of grated nutmeg. Stir well and drink cold from a tankard.

J.H. rarely bothered about saving money. Here is his or her recipe for "Party Punch":

To a pint of strongly made green tea add the rind of one lemon, one Seville orange, one sweet orange, a half-pound of loaf sugar, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let this stand for half an hour, strain the mixture, add a bottle of champagne, half a bottle of Madeira, a pint of brandy, a wine-glass of rum, a wine-glass of Curacoa, a wine-glass of Noyeau, and a pint of pineapple syrup. Ice the compound and, immediately before serving, add a bottle of soda-water.

In the whole notebook, which is quite a fat one and contains recipes for such ancient drinks as Hydromel, Metheglin, and "Lamb's Wool", there is only one recipe in Aunt Myfanwy's handwriting. This one has been popular in our family for as long as I can remember, and I can recommend it wholeheartedly.

Use only the sliced skins of six tangerines. Remove any white adhering to them. Place in wide-mouthed glass jar. Add one bottle of rum (or brandy, if preferred). Burg the jar and leave for a month. Then strain and add ¾ lb. of pounded brown sugar candy. Shake daily until the sugar has dissolved. Keep for two years.

I think myself that this is better with rum. If you are impatient it is quite drinkable after a year. But it will not last more than three. Only one recipe from Aunt Myfanwy, and so many blank pages that should have been filled! But on the inside back cover, in another hand altogether (someone whose pocket was not as deep as that of J.H.?), is this:

Would our bottles but grow deeper,
Did our wine but once get cheaper,
Then on earth there might unfold
The golden times—the age of gold!
But not for us: we are commanded
To go with temperance even-handed.
For oh! our bottles still decline,
And daily dearer grows our wine,
And flat and void our pockets fall.
Faith! soon there'll be no times at all.

Below, in Aunt Myfanwy's hand: "This is the cry of those who live that they may drink rather than drink that they may live." And I can almost hear the sniff with which she wrote that, for once, I am convinced, she was a connoisseur. But, by the time I had begun to take real notice of my Aunt Myfanwy, she had become a convinced and formidable teetotaller.

The Radley XI take the field for their home game against Eastbourne College

The visitors, Eastbourne College, in their turn go out to field

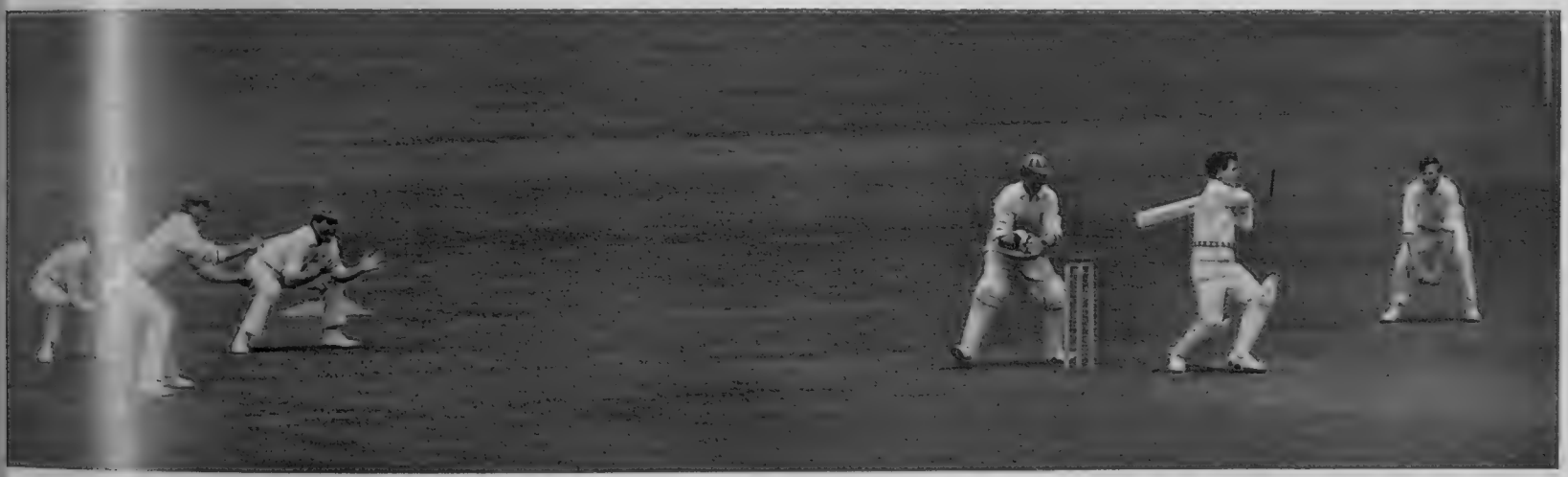
T. J. Trigg (Eastbourne College) hits a six over extra cover on to the pavilion steps during his innings of 46 in Eastbourne's away game against Radley College

C. E. P. Co[illegible] (Radley) tries to stump the Eastbourne captain, R. J. Wilson

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

RADLEY v EASTBOURNE

After the rain in the morning, an early lunch was taken and Radley College's game with Eastbourne College on their home ground at Abingdon in Berkshire began late on a slow and easy wicket. Eastbourne made a steady start and reached 31 for 1. But then six wickets fell for only 15 runs. A dropped catch enabled T. J. Trigg, the Eastbourne No. 9, to go on to score 46. Eastbourne finally reached 134. The Radley innings was opened by R. G. M. Finn and C. E. Comins. After an uncertain start, they put on 97 for the first wicket before Comins was caught for 50. Finn also made 50 and Radley won the match by eight wickets.



G. C. M. Da[illegible] (Eastbourne) misses an intended swing. **Below:** R. G. M. Finn (Eastbourne) plays into the covers. The bowler is A. W. Hawkins

COVENTRY HEARSALL

94 The Club was founded in 1896. At one time Coventry golfers pursued their sport on Hearsall Common, but buildings encroached as Coventry grew and soon made this site untenable. Novices could no longer play without the risk of breaking windows. The Club Committee looked round for a new site and found it—exactly what they wanted, in Beechwood Avenue. That was in 1924. Later, 50 more acres were acquired, the course was remodelled and the position of the Club consolidated. Until it was destroyed by fire, the old clubhouse in many ways fell short of what the members required. The disaster was, however, the opportunity to erect new premises. To-day, the present clubhouse consists of an ample tea-room, a smoke-room, a room for billiards. extensive rooms furnished with lockers, shower rooms, a committee room and secretary's office, not to mention store rooms. There is, in addition, accommodation for a resident steward and stewardess, while what remained of the old clubhouse was restored to become the home of the Ladies' section.

The course measures a total of 6,005 yards. Its bogey is 71 and the standard scratch score 70. Hole 15 is a splendid tiger hole and at 540 yards is the longest of the course, an excellent test of driving power. The shortest hole is number 7, the first of the short holes, calling for a well-played shot, slightly uphill, with a narrow entrance to the green. Hearsall offers grand golfing on an excellent course.

Above: A general view of the course, with the clubhouse in the background

Right: Major D. Elson (**left**), a member of the Club since 1916, with Mr A. W. Spooner, the Club secretary

Far right: Mrs Elizabeth Pomfret drives off from the first tee. She has been a member of the Club for 24 years

Below: Mr R. Burrows (**left**) sets out on the course with his father Mr J. Burrows

Below centre: Mr L. J. Kelsey driving off from the first tee. He was President of the Club from 1936-1938 and Captain from 1934-1935.

Below right: Mr Kelsey lifts the pin on the 9th green as Mr F. M. Taylor concentrates on sinking his putt

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

A potential challenger for the America's Cup, the 12-metre yacht *Sovereign* after her launch in the Holy Loch, Scotland. Below: Max Aitken's *Outlaw* (front) in the W. D. & H. O. Wills Trophy Race round the Isle of Wight

This is not a sport in which there has been much trouble concerning amateur status in the past. The definition of an amateur held by the International Yacht Racing Union is very simple. It merely states that " an amateur is a yachtsman who engages in yacht racing as a pastime as distinguished from a means of obtaining a livelihood. Acceptance at any time of any profitable benefit as remuneration or inducement for participation in yacht racing is inconsistent with amateur status."

While there is no difficulty in interpreting such a simple rule, the question of amateur status as interpreted by the International Olympic Committee (IOC) is a much more complicated one. The RYA Council is concerned that those who could be our Olympic helmsmen or crews may impair their amateur status. They have circulated the much more severe regulations of the IOC, together with the official interpretation to all those who are in the running for our Olympic sailing team for 1964. This is not all, however. Because there is no white-washing allowed in these matters, if anyone has infringed the rules his amateur status is gone for ever. This may have an effect reaching far ahead in time—in fact, several Olympic Games ahead. So the young promising yachtsman should watch his step, just in case he should attain the heights in the years to come.

Article 26 of the IOC eligibility rule states categorically that " an amateur is one who participates and always has participated in sport as an avocation without material gain of any kind. He does not qualify: (*a*) if he has not a basic occupation designed to insure his present and future livelihood; (*b*) if he receives or has received remuneration for participation in sport; (*c*) if he does not comply with the Rules of the International Federation concerned and the official interpretation of this Rule number 26."

The official interpretation which follows is lengthy. It lists those who, " among others," are not eligible for Olympic Competitions. They include those who have received presents or prizes exceeding 50 dollars in value, those who have capitalised on their athletic fame, those who have gained employment or promotion by reason of their sport performances in business or industry, in the Services, or in any branch of the Press, Theatre, Television, Cinema, Radio, or any other paid activity; those who are paid for teaching or coaching others in sport.

The IOC also strictly regulates the type and amount of expenses a competitor is allowed to receive. He is permitted to receive limited expenses for participating and training in the Games, but only from his amateur sport organisation or National Olympic Committee. Journalism or radio or television reporting on the sport is permitted, only if the " athlete " is a full-time professional. This would appear to disqualify any yachtsman who indulges in writing or reporting for remuneration. It is quite obvious that there will be borderline cases, and new interpretations will produce in the course of time a case-law governing the amateur status.

"PHOENIX" CITY BY SYLVIE NICKELS

If ever there was a phoenix city it is Rotterdam, which rises from the ashes and dust that much of it became on a May night in 1940 from German bombing. That night nearly 25,000 families lost their homes; 4,280 shops, factories and warehouses, 69 schools and 21 churches crashed in flames sweeping through 642 acres of the city centre. Four years later it was the harbour's turn: over a third of its quays and 40 per cent. of its harbour installations were devastated. These figures have been quoted many times; they will be quoted many more, for they are the terrible preface to the miracle of Rotterdam.

The dust had barely settled before the city was busy planning its future. The city and its suburbs are planned, more or less in detail, up to 1980; in outline, to the very end of the century. Yet in spite of the tremendous building programme (about 6,000 dwelling units a year alone) the number of inhabitants in central Rotterdam is a fifth of what it was before. The rest are housed in the wide surrounding suburbs, and nearly three-quarters of the city land is reserved for broader boulevards, parks and open spaces. Of course, not everyone will like its architecture. But whether you like it or not, it makes you pause and think in new terms of bricks and mortar.

Justly proud of its achievements, Rotterdam caters well for its visitors while retaining the businesslike quality appropriate to the second largest port in the world. There are new glossy hotels (including, needless to say, a brand-new Hilton), and the Savoy, a little off-centre, but very pleasant indeed where, on request, you can have a bed nearly 7 ft. long.

Impact of urban planning

Probably the best preliminary view of the city is obtained by one of the VVV (tourist information bureau) sightseeing tours. But the visual onslaught of so much forward thinking is far too great to be absorbed in the space of a $1\frac{3}{4}$-hour tour; the only way is then to go on foot through those towering masses of concrete and glass, through which such main arteries as Binnenweg, Coolsingel and Weena thrust their broad paths. Only then do the individual features begin to make their impact: features such as the "beehive" building of Bijenkorf department store, with its strange Construction monument (locally known as the "vertical railway accident"), and the vast wholesale building where 260 firms have their premises and whose basement and first floor can be reached by car along an interior road a mile long.

Collective buildings of this kind are a characteristic of Rotterdam. The 12-floor block of shops "De Twaalf Provincien," for example, houses 150 different shops as well as cafés, snack bars, restaurant, cinema and meeting hall, situated off corridors which can be regarded as a continuation of the public road, and whose total shop frontage is well over half a mile long. Most famous of the shopping centres, however, is the traffic-free Lijnbaan, an example of planned architecture which many other cities of Europe have not been slow to follow.

Tucked away in a corner of Binnenweg is a quiet little statue that tends to get overlooked amid the purposeful crowds. It is of "Mister John," the average Dutchman, looking very average indeed and not at all as though it was he at the root of this big, vital city. Nearby is the immensely powerful figure wrought out of bronze by Ossip Zadkine—his *Monument for a Devastated City*.

Down on the riverside, another fine monument representing a ship's keel cleaving the waves is a tribute to those of the Dutch merchant navy who fell in the last war. Near here, the Spido boats leave with the regularity of a bus service for one of the sightseeing "musts" of Rotterdam: a tour of the harbour. And not far beyond is that now-famous and distinctive symbol of the city, the Euromast. The view from the observation platform and tiered café-restaurant at the top is magnificent, spreading far across the tremendous activity of the port and to the powerful skyline of the city centre.

Museums and art galleries

Not everything in Rotterdam is exclusively devoted to modern creation or commerce. It has its fair share of fine museums, too, among which Boymans-Van Beuningen hardly needs commendation, since it ranks among the leading art galleries of the world, its wonderful collection ranging from Van Eyck to Van Gogh. Other museums include the "Prins Hendrik" Maritime Museum, and the fine Museum of Geography and Ethnography (excluding Europe); but perhaps the most unusual collection is at the Netherlands Tax Museum which not only reveals such titbits of information as the tax paid on the powdering of a bygone wig, but proves that, for sheer ingenuity, smugglers of yore had little to learn from their modern successors. It is an appropriate museum for a historic port, just as it is appropriate that this city of tomorrow should boast perhaps one of the world's most comprehensive permanent exhibitions connected with the building trades; the *Bouwcentrum*, a remarkable edifice devoted to building in all its aspects.

An essential part of the Rotterdam plan is concerned with improving its internal and external lines of communication. An underground system—the first in Holland—is in process of construction; new tunnels for railway and traffic are planned to supplement the Maas tunnel and eventually to replace the great bridges whose presence at the moment hardly facilitate either the flow of river or land traffic. In addition, there are already, of course, the helicopter services of Sabena, linking the heart of the city with Brussels and Antwerp.

If there is any fault in Rotterdam, it is that it is almost too forward-looking, too splendidly spacious and planned to allow for the small, quiet corners so characteristic of much of the rest of Holland. Yet even these are on the doorstep. Delft, with its great age, its shady trees and little bridges humping their backs over the quiet flowing canals, is everything that Rotterdam cannot be and lies only ten miles away. The grace of the Hague is only 13 miles. You can be in Amsterdam in about an hour, or in that "silent spot" of Holland, Zeeland, now being revolutionised by the Delta Plan, within one and a half. It is one of the joys of Holland that so much lies within so small a span, and that nearly all of it is immensely restful. But not Rotterdam; it is far too thought-provoking a place for that.

For further information: Netherlands National Tourist Office, 38, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7.
Means of access, Air (tourist class only): London-Rotterdam by KLM £17 14s. return and BUA, £13 19s—£17 14s return; Southend-Rotterdam by British United Air Ferries (cars and passengers) and Channel Airways, £10 9s—£13 4s return. Services also operated to Rotterdam from other provincial centres in the UK by Dan-Air and Derby Aviation. *Rail/Sea:* London-Rotterdam via Harwich-Hook of Holland, £13 3s. first-class return; £10 13s second-class return. Passenger fares on the more leisurely but most comfortable Tilbury-Rotterdam route operated by the car and passenger ferries of The Transport Ferry Service are £11—£26 return (first-class only), all meals included.

Left: At the top of the Euromast in Rotterdam is a restaurant from which there are breathtaking views of the city. **Below left:** Outside the Central Station in the city

Above: Inside Rotterdam's Wholesale building 260 firms have their premises. **Below:** A statue of Erasmus stands in front of one of the city's modern blocks of flats

FARAWAY PLACES

98 **Look at Me Now** by Derek Robert: Hamish Hamilton. 21s, is a book of travel reminiscences with a difference, and one of the differences is that it takes its title from an Australian headland, thus oddly named, and not from the recollection of a childish boast. Mr Robert is an Englishman who, as a ship's officer, has known Australia and many of its people well, partly as passengers on so-called pleasure cruises to Fiji and other Pacific islands, and partly through friendships he formed with owners of sheep stations and their workers, living very far from the sea. The important and vastly refreshing thing about his book is that it is the work of a natural writer: extremely observant, easy in his style and humorous. His book is enjoyable, full of good stories and quietly funny terms of phrase such as his description of the houseboy who " served with quiet inefficiency," or his rendering of the pidgin English for piano: " a bokkus bilong 'im hand you strike him, him cry out!"

Life with Ionides by Margaret Lane: Hamish Hamilton. 25s, records the oddest of adventures: a long visit paid by the writer who, incidentally, is an extremely pretty and elegant woman besides being a biographer and Brains Truster of no mean calibre, to a famous naturalist, C. J. P. Ionides, who lives in one of the remoter regions of Tanganyika. Mr Ionides' present occupation, as distinct from his earlier life as a great hunter and subsequently a Game Warden, is the collection of venomous snakes which he despatches to zoos and museums throughout the world. Miss Lane learned to handle many of these snakes herself, accompanied her host on constant snake hunts (on one of which her clothes were spattered by the poisonous venom of a spitting cobra) and spent the rest of her time in endless if slightly one-sided conversation with this extraordinary man whose skill and fantastic courage have become legendary and whose interests include the story of Genghis Khan and his own highly individual theories about African independence. A completely fascinating book and one that is necessarily in a class by itself.

The British Monarchy at Home by J. A. Frere: Gibbs Phillips. 30s, may seem an odd book to have been written by a man who has been Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms and Chester Herald of Arms, since the outspoken, the gossipy and the partial are not traits to be expected in the work of one whose work has brought him so close to royalty. That, however, is the mood of a book which dwells on trivial royal foibles from the days of James I to those of our own Elizabeth II.

Don't Knock the Corners off by Caroline Glyn: Gollancz. 18s, has been written by a 15-year-old girl, great-granddaughter (on both sides) of the great Elinor and perfectly capable of having a poem printed in the *Cornhill* when she was nine and of designing her own jacket for the present book. It is a high-spirited and engaging affair which, I must say, I read with considerable enjoyment and not a little awe. Miss Glyn's theme, naturally enough, is schooldays and family life and my comment would be that she has not only a very real talent but the nicest possible family.

Spring at the Limes by Robert Greenwood: Hodder & Stoughton. 16s, comes from the pen of the author of the *Bunting* series which was a mild delight during the war. His most recent novel is equally good-humoured and, indeed, rather good fun. It is concerned with a middle-aged accountant with three grown-up daughters to console him in his widowed state. In his office he is regarded as unpredictable though in the main a bit of a misery; at home he is treated as a capricious autocrat whose whims must be circumvented by endless stratagems. The poor man's own view of himself is of one who is naturally benign and equable. Mr Greenwood shows great ingenuity in displaying his subject's quirks and a good time is had by all—including the reader.

The Moonflower Vine by Jetta Carleton: Bodley Head. 18s, has many of the characteristics of the cosy American best-seller which it already is. It is a family saga, it covers a sweep of 50 years up to the present day and it deals with a handful of people in each of whom the least perceptive reader can discern goodness, honour and a mutual understanding. The setting is, for the most part, a Mississippi farm and here, in ramshackle but otherwise idyllic circumstances, the schoolteacher father, his loving but less-cultured wife and their three daughters pursue their loves and their destinies without coming within measurable distance of the melodramatic or the sordid. Rather comforting really, and absolutely certain to be a comparable success over here as well.

A Talent for Loving by Richard Condon: Michael Joseph. 21s, follows no established pattern and belongs to no school of novel writing that I have ever known. It is nevertheless—or perhaps because of this non-conformity—an hilarious piece of work, as entertaining as it is improbable. Mr Condon set out to write " the cowboy novel to end all cowboy novels," and, although I hope that cowboy novels will continue to be written, it is difficult to see exactly how one is going to consider them after this. It is, in fact, a brilliant, unrepentant spoof about the biggest

UN-RUSSIAN RUSSIAN

The Fate of Admiral Kolchak by Peter Fleming: Rupert Hart-Davis. 35s. Admiral Alexander Vasilievich Kolchak was a strange, moody, dedicated figure. He seemed so out of place as Supreme Ruler of Russia, a title thrust upon him at Omsk in 1919 when he was leader of one of the anti-Bolshevist armies. He was shot in Irkutsk in 1920 after being handed over to his enemies by the Czechs whom he had temporarily thwarted on their march eastward across Siberia. Peter Fleming, seeking to establish the circumstances of Kolchak's failure, betrayal and death, has written a most moving biography. He finds the admiral an elusive, contradictory and curiously un-Russian character, honest and chivalrous to the point of quixotry, but a dictator presiding over a corrupt and barbarous regime. Of his last year of life, as he fled with his staff, his mistress, his gold, and the remnants of his armies, in seven trains across the Siberian wastes, he was, as Mr Fleming says, at odds with fate and with himself, " playing a part for which he was not suited in company for which he did not care." While he sank from a great height into total failure Kolchak nonetheless seemed to grow in stature and in poise, and when finally, he was shot at dawn and his body thrust through a hole in the ice of the frozen river Ushakovka he died (as the Soviet account states) like an Englishman. This has been no easy biography to write, for the political background is a curious morass and the records are often scanty or palpably inaccurate. At times, the author admits that it was only his curiosity about Admiral Kolchak that led him on.

The Supreme Control by Lord Hankey: Allen and Unwin. 36s. The former Secretary of Britain's Imperial War Cabinet outlines his own work and that of his colleagues at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. Lord Hankey came to know the peacemakers intimately, Wilson, Clemenceau, and Orlando as well as his own wartime leader Lloyd George. In working for them he was, as he puts it, for the time being Secretary of the Cabinet of the World. One of the greatest problems of peacemaking was the daily leakages to the press. These nearly jeopardised the whole peace treaty, and it was apparently touch and go at one time whether the Germans would sign before the Armistice expired.

My First Hundred Years by Margaret Murray: William Kimber. 30s. This month Margaret Murray, former pupil and assistant of Sir Flinders Petrie, the great archaeologist, an excavator in many parts of the Near East, and a fighter for feminine rights, reaches the age of 100. What she has to say to us from the loneliness of being without contemporaries, and from the heights scaled by experience, is of enormous worth, as witness this conclusion, "each step in advance which increases our knowledge of the material world must bring us a little nearer to that great Power, which science calls nature and religion calls God." Many readers will be fascinated by Margaret Murray's account of life in India shortly after the Mutiny, as they will be also regarding her career as an excavator of sites in Egypt, Malta, Minorca and Palestine; but of greatest interest is her attitude towards religion, her belief that its form is never static, that it moves with the times, and that in this age of air transport and space travel it will move remarkably. Here is a centenarian proclaiming her views with much authority and with humility.

A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue by Captain Francis Grose: Routledge and Kegan Paul. 45s. Captain Grose's famous work, the earliest dictionary of English slang, first appeared in 1785. Now it re-emerges ably edited by Eric Partridge, and a worthy tribute to the endeavours of the most unconventional of all lexicographers. In his preface to the first edition the good captain assured his readers that his burlesque terms had been drawn from the most classical author-

ranch in the world, in Texas about 100 years ago, and it is bawdy, witty, absurd and slightly overwhelming.

A Time to Retreat by Brian Cooper: Heinemann. 18s, is a story of adventure and suspense. It is also a war story, told with the objectivity of a 20-year gap in time between the tragic events of the fighting in South East Asia and a general's retirement in present-day Cornwall. General Manson has been fighting in other ways ever since the disastrous campaign which resulted in the loss of 3,000 men and, for him, in a verdict of gross negligence. His object is to secure a fresh Court of Inquiry to examine the circumstances of his old and fatal decision and, in Mr Cooper's intelligent and even moving story, the general's tale is told again, objectively and dispassionately, for the reader's judgment.

Don't Play with the Rough Boys by Simon Troy: Gollancz. 15s, is a thriller by one of our best writers in the *genre* and it carries the authority of clean, economical writing and excellent characterisation as well as an admirable ingenuity. A caravan camp in Cornwall is the scene of a murder and, innocently, a young man from the midlands is involved both emotionally and more officially with the police questioning. This one is very well done and is thoroughly adult in concepti[illegible].

Against the Evidence by Lesley Egan: Gollancz. 15s, switches the reader over to California and to the detective proclivities of an unconventional lawyer, engaged on this occasion in attempting to prove the innocence of a very obvious suspect. Not Miss Egan's very best perhaps but still a good way above the ordinary cut and run of murder mysteries. **Vernon Fane**

---

ities, "such as soldiers on the long march, sailors at the capstan, and ladies disposing of their fish."

The Essence of Trade Unionism by Victor Feather: The Bodley Head. 10s 6d. The Assistant General Secretary of the TUC sets out the day-to-day working of these great organisations, but he touches too on the larger issues of daily life which must concern the trade unions if they are to give the national lead expected of them. Vic Feather is a Yorkshireman whose trade union work has taken him far afield. He writes with knowledge, humanity and humour.

New Paperbacks. Here are two additions to the growing Penguin African Library. Ruth First's **South West Africa:** Penguin Books. 5s, is a history over the last 80 years of this much-exploited land. Since touring the south-west the author has come under the displeasure of the Union government and has been placed under house arrest in her home-town of Johannesburg. She believes that the south-west may prove to be the Achilles heel of apartheid.

Modern Poetry from Africa: Penguin Books 3s 6d, is edited by Gerald Moore and Ulli Beier, who draw from 16 countries to present the work of poets writing in English, French and Portuguese. **Richard Edmonds**

THE WORKHOUSE DONKEY

Scenes from John Arden's new play—at the Copacabana Club. **Below left:** Frank Finlay as the Donkey himself, an old Labour town councillor. **Below:** Robert Stephens, Alison Leggatt and Marion Mathie

THE third production of this year's Chichester Festival was also their first of a new play. This is John Arden's *The Workhouse Donkey*, a panoramic and Jonsonian comedy of intrigue, set amid the local politics of a North Country town. The characters represent public figures—mayor, chief constable, capitalist and Labour councillor. A large cast acting on several levels (in both senses) was adjudged to have coped well with a complicated and at times confusing play. The author makes great use of song and dance and ranges from farce to heroic declamation.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **SIR DUNCAN OPPENHEIM**

Sir Duncan Oppenheim is in his tenth year as Chairman of the British-American Tobacco Co. Ltd. He joined an associated company of B.A.T. in China as solicitor in 1934, and subsequently became solicitor to B.A.T. and in 1953, a director. B.A.T. is the largest tobacco manufacturing company in the world, with 100 factories in 50 countries, and in addition has interests in printing, packaging and engineering. Born in 1904, Duncan Morris Oppenheim was educated at Repton. In 1929 he qualified as a solicitor and joined Messrs. Linklaters and Paines. He is a director of Lloyds Bank, Chairman of the Court of Governors of the Administrative Staff College at Henley, and a governor of Repton School. Sir Duncan travels constantly all over the world, and is keenly interested in international trade problems. He is Joint Chairman of the Anglo-Dutch Trade Council and Chairman of the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce. His main hobbies are painting and collecting modern works of art by living British artists. Two of his paintings have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and one at the London Group. He is thus well qualified for the posts which he occupies as Chairman of the Council of the Royal College of Art, since 1956, and Chairman of the Council of Industrial Design, since 1960. He is a member of the Athenaeum and of the London Corinthian Yacht Club—he spends as much of his spare time as he can racing his 14 ft. international class dinghy on the Thames. He is married, with a son and daughter, and has a house in Edwardes Square, Kensington

FBI ON RESEARCH

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Now that an election cannot be more than 15 months away, and political considerations are beginning to affect, or inhibit, quite a number of business decisions, it is interesting to find the Federation of British Industries producing proposals for a larger degree of government intervention in any sphere of industrial activity. The FBI has just published a report suggesting that the Government should finance, and to some degree control, a wider range of research and development projects for the civilian side of British industry, as it already does in defence research. Few of the industrialists who are proposing this, one might safely guess, are Socialists or sympathetic to more government intervention in industry on principle; but the FBI keeps its members' political principles and its own practical concern for the country's industrial progress strictly apart.

The committee thinks, specifically, that over the next five years about £100 million ought to be spent on major development projects in the civil research field that private industry probably could not finance alone, and that the Government should put up half of the money for this. This government finance should be devoted to specific projects, not made available as some form of general support; and the projects ought to be selected by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, taking the advice of a steering committee drawn from industry, the universities, and government departments. "Steering," in this connection, would mean reaching agreement upon the sectors of technology where such extra backing for promising projects seemed likely to give the best results in terms of eventual industrial growth.

This would mean making systematic, and putting more public money into, a process that has already begun. The DSIR has already given some backing to a few projects in different fields of British civil technology—machine tools and the treatment of newly-mined ores, for example. It has indeed offered such support rather widely, though the applications from industry, so far, have not been very numerous. And this is to say nothing of the activities of the National Research Development Board, one of whose main functions is to back promising individual inventions—for example, the hovercraft and the "dracone" flexible "tank" barge—to the point where business may be prepared to take them up commercially.

Shift in industrial research

This FBI committee still thinks that there is room for more government support—notably for projects on a rather larger scale—a little farther back from the fringe of commercial practicability. It is not, however, simply proposing an extension of government support of science. In one existing sector of this support, the industrial research associations, it suggests a pretty sharp review and rationalisation. The Government spends over £8 million yearly on this range of associations, to which industry itself contributes about £1 million: the federation is not satisfied that either gets adequate value for its money. It thinks that several of these associations are too remote from the practical technical needs and interests of the industries they are supposed to serve; liaison and the supply of technical information are not wholly successful; and too much of the research effort is on rather fundamental problems that are of vague interest to everybody in an industry but of little specific interest to any single company. The DSIR has during recent years been trying to get rid of the deadwood in these research associations and to encourage more specifically "sponsored research" (i.e. for particular companies in an industry, on a payment basis) within them. The FBI thinks it needs to try harder.

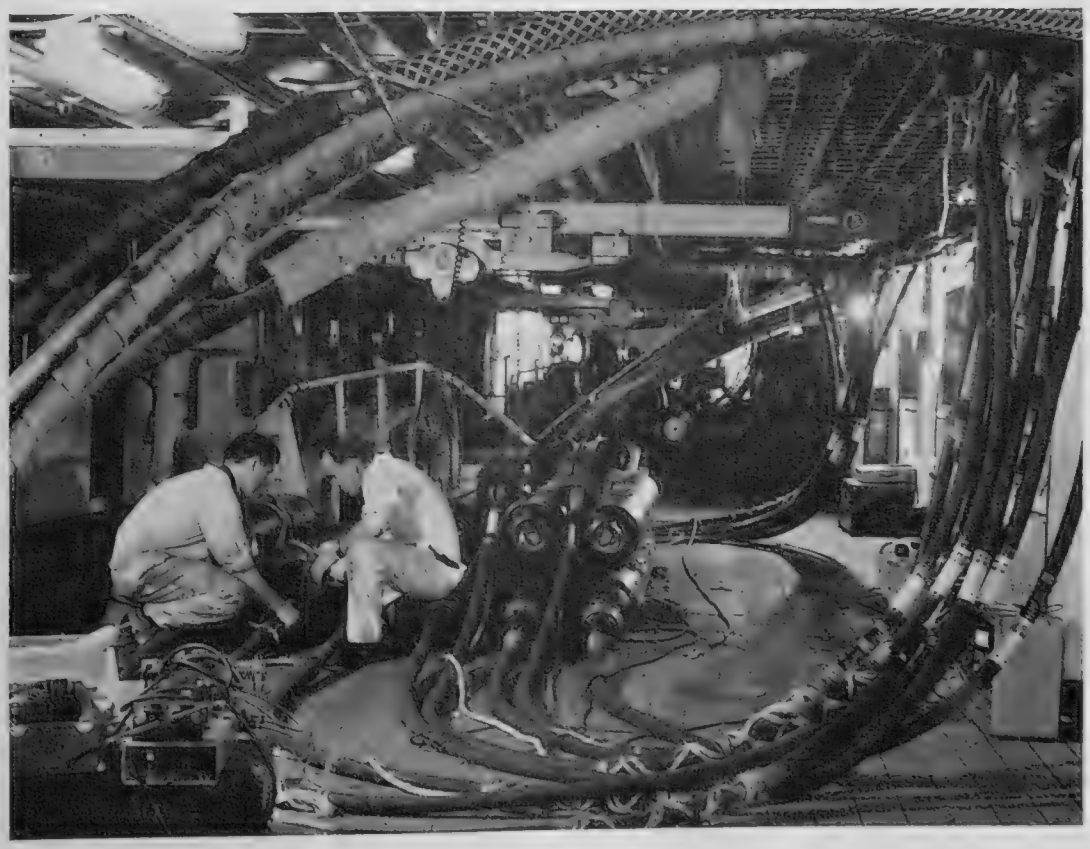
These are suggestions for greater effort or revision of the deployment of scientific resources: they should not obscure the fact that in the last six or seven years there has already been a major growth and a significant shift of balance in British research and development. Between 1955-56 and 1961-62, total expenditure on research and development in British industry more than doubled, rising from £300 million to close on £650 million; moreover, the amount paid for by the Government through the military and the atomic research budgets, in proportion, declined from about 60 per cent. of this to about 40 per cent. British industry's own financing of research has more than trebled during this short period, and must now be running at some £220 million a year.

British industry can no longer be accused, therefore, of not being "research-minded." But it is true that in the last few years industrialists here, like their counterparts abroad, have begun to look at research a little more coldbloodedly. This has not made them spend less on it; but it has made them look more closely for results. It would probably be fair to say that some of the growth of spending on research in British industry during the late fifties represented fashion, or conscience money, call it what you will; companies were conscious that they needed a research department, or a larger one, to be in the swim. In the last few years, however, as industry has had to look much more closely at its own costs in general, it has begun to apply similar financial disciplines to its research and development activity—maintaining the budgets, in general, but pressing for closer costing, more concentration on what can be put into commercial practice within a fairly short time-horizon—better management of research. Effective control is inherently difficult with such a quicksilver activity; but unless it can be achieved, industrialists feel, "R & D" may become in part almost a ritual observance, attached to, but only haphazardly contributing to, the development of the business.

There is also a good deal less confidence than there used to be, in Britain or America, about the inevitability of any "fall-out" of benefits to civil technology from the massive defence research programmes. Both countries have of late been looking with curiosity and tinges of envy at Western Germany, a highly successful industrial economy that appears, at least, to get along with only a very small military research budget, and for that matter with considerably less civil research than Britain or the United States.

German industry has magnificent traditions of science to lean back on, and a better relationship between university science and industry than Britain has ever developed. But its businessmen do not appear to spend as much of their income on research and development as we do in Britain; and interestingly enough, they concentrate most of what they do spend on to development. From outside, the Germans look to have gained very high returns on their limited expenditure; on the other hand, it is only fair to say that, from within, a good many German scientists and some German businessmen are uneasy about their lower spending.

It is difficult, in any country, to find an industrialist or an administrator who is confident that he knows how to make really purposive use of science; yet most of them are united in the obstinate conviction that it is upon this purposive use that the main chances of future economic growth mostly depend.



Voice amplifiers are jointed into submarine telephone cable for part of the Vancouver-Hawaii section of the new Commonwealth trans-Pacific cable link, on board HMTS *Monarch*. The vessel was loading at the Greenwich works of Submarine Cables Ltd., jointly owned by Associated Electrical Cables Ltd. and BICC

COMPREHENSIVE LIVING

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

102 The Calthorpe Estate, Birmingham, is unique. No apology is needed for the adjective. Nowhere else is there such an estate, two and a half square miles of greenery, an irregularly shaped wedge straight into the heart of a great industrial city, being developed in the grand manner by the family which has owned it for about 250 years.

This enlightened patronage will make the Estate, more than four times the size of Hyde Park, an outstanding example, when redevelopment is completed, of how private enterprise can deal with the renewal of decayed or decaying areas. The Gough-Calthorpe family bought the estate in 1717. The Industrial Revolution began the process of filling the green fields of Edgbaston with substantial houses for successful tradesmen or industrialists, while nearer the city smaller, poorer, houses sprang up, along with Victorian town houses.

In 1951 the Birmingham Town Plan fixed an overall density for the Estate of 30 persons to the acre, which set the Estate the problem of trebling the existing population while not destroying the character of Edgbaston. The Estate turned to a young Birmingham architect, John H. Madin, appointed him consulting architect, and in 1958 he produced his plan for the Calthorpe Estate.

He planned to deal with the Estate over a 40-year period, up to 2000 A.D. He envisaged the Estate in four areas: a business area, two residential areas, and a detached housing area on the western fringe. This comprehensive development—the Calthorpe Estate is believed to be the first large private estate to have its own plan—would not be possible without leasehold control by the family. Not surprisingly, the Estate tends to be a little sensitive about critics of the system. Without it, indeed, the Madin plan could not have been drawn up. Mr. H. E. Greening, the resident agent to the Estate, compares Edgbaston with the great developments of the 18th and early 19th centuries, " never surpassed anywhere in the field of domestic building." Once leases have expired, there is no delay or opposition; the Estate can be developed with a harmony of feeling and its unsurpassed amenities preserved.

Variety of land uses

Attempting to provide the residential density needed by conventional methods would have been impossible without destroying the leisured grace and charm of many parts of the Estate. Mr Madin's plan therefore provides for three densities of population.

The first, high-density areas will house 100 people per acre in multi-storey flats varying between eight and 16 storeys high. The second, of walk-up flats of three and four storeys, provides for about 40 to 60 people per acre, and the remaining group is of individual houses, some of up to £20,000 in half an acre, others in the £3,000-£,4000 class, at three or four to the acre.

The business area will eventually gather up on the side of the Estate nearest to the city centre some businesses which had encroached on residential areas, as well as encouraging exciting new developments from other firms. One of the most striking things about the Calthorpe Estate is its astonishing variety of land use: there are 11 private and two local authority schools, colleges for teacher training, art training, nursing, domestic science, theology (two of these) and commercial training. There are university departments (in all nearly 200 acres have been given or sold by the Estate to Birmingham University for its buildings); there are parks, churches, sports clubs, shops, hotels—and Birmingham's prized Botanical Gardens.

Above: Two office blocks on the Calthorpe Estate at Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. The tallest is sixteen storeys high

Right: High Point, a block of tall flats with complete garage accommodation and fine views of the Estate

In the four years since the plan was launched, many of the large old houses which stood in the business area have been replaced by clean modern office blocks (one of them, the Chamber of Commerce building, won Mr Madin the RIBA Bronze Medal, and several have been commended by the Civic Trust). No office building will stand on more than 35 per cent. of its site; no building will have a floor area larger than $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the size of the site. Developments are planned on the precinct pattern, and continuous road frontage is avoided. A special area has been set aside for medical consultants, many of whom value the Estate's nearness to the city and to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

Largely residential

But basically the Calthorpe Estate is residential—80 per cent. of it. Each of the two main residential areas will have its own " heart " at a road confluence, with a small shopping precinct to cater for daily shopping *(Continued on page 104)*

Above: A view from the top of a block of flats in Carpenter Road, Edgbaston. It shows the high density of trees on the Calthorpe Estate. The large Victorian houses built for a different age are giving way to planned groups of smaller units in the centre of the picture

Left: Several four-bedroomed and three-bedroomed houses have been built on the site previously occupied by one Victorian house in Cala Drive

COMPREHENSIVE LIVING *(continued from page 102)*

needs, and a public house (one exists; one may be built). Bus routes criss-cross the Estate and the centre of Birmingham is only minutes away from many parts.

To date, something like 5,500 new houses and flats have been provided, their prices ranging from £20,000 to others in the £3,500-£4,500 class. " We have never regarded the Estate as a unified area," Mr Greening says. An Estate brochure says that " Edgbaston begins where the trees begin." It is no idle boast. From the top of the tall office blocks a definite tree-line can be seen marking off the Estate from the city. But the division is only visual. Estate officials praise unreservedly the co-operation and help they have had from the local authority.

Before the war, when the Estate was more than double its present size, the present Head Forester, Mr Hubert Kimberley, made a tree census which accounted for 1,250,000 trees; he claims 172 varieties growing there now, from the rare Indian Chestnut to giant Spanish Chestnuts nearly 300 years old and anything up to 30 ft. round. Indeed, while one may criticise Victorian architecture, Mr Greening says, " The layout and landscaping of their gardens leaves nothing to be desired." The most meticulous preparations are made to preserve the amenities on the Estate.

Much of the residential development is being undertaken by the Artizans' and General Properties Co. Ltd. through three specially formed subsidiaries—Vista Flats Ltd., Vista Developments, Ltd., and Vista Estates Ltd. The chairman of the development company is Brigadier Sir Richard A. G. Calthorpe.

More realistic rents

The question of rents is a major problem. Two years ago, Mr Greening told the Public Works and Municipal Services Congress that so far no satisfactory solution had been found to the problem of reconciling present-day high building costs with rents which the public would pay, while still ensuring reasonable standards of development. More realistic rents, he is sure, is the answer: " Two generations have never known anything other than rent control and rent restriction," he said.

However, perhaps the biggest single planning problem has been the motor car. Catering for them, in both residential and business areas, while preserving amenity, has caused some ingenious solutions. One garage to each living unit and one car space for each 500 sq. ft. of office space are the Estate's minimum standards. Part of the solution has been to put cars underground, part to build two-tier garages, and there is at least one multi-storey car park.

As the Calthorpe Estate renews itself, the problems of the commuter seem to retire. Already one can meet businessmen who can live there and walk to their offices, while their wives can be in the city's main shopping areas in minutes by bus. The Calthorpe Estate, in the words of Sir Richard, " is moving into a well-planned community—one where people will be able to live and to work happily."

THE BUNGLED OIL BID

by The Sphere City Correspondent

It is little more than a year since Britain's biggest manufacturing company, Imperial Chemical Industries, thought it could railroad its way into Courtaulds by making a direct take-over bid, only to lose out through a majority rejection by the Courtaulds shareholders. Many City observers were convinced that the bid would have succeeded if the tactics had been better managed; if, for instance, the Courtaulds board (who in the early days were agreed in principle but not on price) had been offered a reasonable figure; or if the approach had been private with financial advisers meeting on both sides; or if the first announcement had simply been that the two sides were going to sit down and try to hammer out an agreement.

Over a year has passed but the lessons have not been learnt. Instead, we have had the ridiculous spectacle of Britain's biggest oil companies—Shell and British Petroleum—making a joint bid for the trading part of the third member of the triumvirate—Burmah Petroleum—and then withdrawing hastily rather than have their faces smacked in public. This is hardly the way the City cares to see the very real and serious problem of trying to integrate businesses or put assets more usefully to work conducted.

The first mistake of Shell and BP—it is still not clear who has been prime mover in the affair—was to take nine months to make up their minds, with the inevitable result that a bad leak occurred and a number of Burmah shareholders sold shares at prices well below the bid price. The second mistake was the classic one of trying to railroad the thing through by force. Obviously there are risks of information leaking out in complex discussions when three groups plus their financial advisers, secretaries, telephonists, printers, etc., are involved, but in the past—the General Electric-English Electric talks for instance—this has been overcome by a simple announcement that exploratory talks are taking place, but there is no guarantee that agreement will be reached.

Shell and BP, however, preferred to tell the Burmah board and the public simultaneously their terms in a take-it-or-leave-it manner, with the inevitable result—compare Courtaulds—that the Burmah board, the City and the public were at once put into a fighting mood. So much so, in fact, that a bit of sabre-rattling by the Burmah board and its advisers in the presence of the press and the Burmah share price had sailed above the the bid price, outplaying Shell and BP in a matter of 24 hours.

The fact is that both Shell and BP must have been after Burmah's trading assets. These are in two parts; first there is the new and fairly unimportant rag-bag of oil businesses in Peru, Canada and Britain which were acquired when Burmah recently took over Lobitos Oilfields. Second, there is the old Burmah Oil buiness in India, some of which is owned jointly with the Indian Government and produces and transports oil in Assam, and some with Shell refining and distributing throughout India and Pakistan. Over the next ten years the Indian Ocean area is expected to be one of the fastest-expanding consumers of energy, and no doubt Shell and B.P with the international experience thought they could rea the full return on Burmah's stake th re.

Be that as it may, both Shell and BP ha apparently decided that, however sensible co mercially a merger would have been and howe under-valued Burmah's assets were, they a too grand either to pay what Burmah asks or ha their present terms publicly rejected in the w ICI did. So they abruptly withdrew, leaving th Burmah board with some obligation to their shar holders to say why they rejected the bid and t prove in the stock market that their shares are fact more valuable than they had let their share holders know for the past five years.

Here, it seems, we come to the crux of t matter. Both the boards of Courtaulds a Burmah can be justifiably criticised—not for the behaviour once the bid had been made—but fo their lack of shareholder-information over th previous years. If assets had been regula revalued, profit forecasts made whenever reaso ably possible, idle capital returned to sha holders, then no bidder would have had anyth left to go for unless he paid a fantastic price Courtaulds' shareholders must be grateful indeed, to ICI for what the bid has subse quently done to their share price and no dou in a year's time Burmah shareholders will be Shell and BP. One advantage at least can b seen in these bungled take-over bids: they s shake both sides out of lethargy and complacenc For not only Courtaulds has put its house i order: ICI has also had a drastic re-appraisa

Photographs by Reilly and Constantine

Above: The living-room in one of the Patio houses on the Calthorpe Estate. The natural brick wall encloses an open fireplace with a Baxi grate

Far left: The new headquarters of the Midland Regional Hospital Board recently opened at Hagley Road on the Estate

Left: A four-bedroomed dormer-roof house with a double garage built by Vista Developments to designs by Stanley Bragg and Associates

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

An interesting recent development is the suggestion made by more and more liqueur houses that their products should be drunk otherwise than in the usual way, as a digestive after a meal. It is not possible to say who thought of it first, but the idea has spread and among the names that come to mind are Cointreau and Marie Brizard's *Anisette*. The first is widely advertised nowadays suggesting drinking it "on the rocks," and although I found the inevitable dilution made the drink a little insipid, it can make a refreshing change.

I am told that now Anisette is also drunk "on the rocks," or with water and ice, or with soda water and lemon juice. Any of these sounds eminently suitable for cooling summer drinking. This is, incidentally, one of the oldest, original liqueurs made in France. Most of the others which have such a noble ancestry have been made by monks, whose declared purpose had been to produce medicinal, if not curative qualities. That is why liqueurs are still often referred to as digestives.

Anisette owes its existence to Marie Brizard, who was born in 1714, the tenth child of a master cooper at Bordeaux. She was more enterprising than most of her female contemporaries, and instead of devoting herself entirely to household duties, employed her time by visiting the sick and the poor in their homes or in hospital. It was this kind heart and sense of duty, allied with uncommon intelligence, that resulted in the founding of an important industry.

During an epidemic in Bordeaux, Marie Brizard helped to nurse back to health a West African planter. To show his gratitude, he gave her a recipe for an "elixir," supposed to have great medicinal properties: its principal ingredient was aniseed. She experimented with the new recipe in her own kitchen at home, and eventually succeeded in producing a crystal-clear liquid with very agreeable bouquet and flavour. She decided to develop the idea further and in order to gain public recognition, presented a bottle to the governor of the province, who happened to be the Duc de Richelieu, nephew of the Cardinal. The duke was so enthusiastic about the new drink, that he in turn suggested that another bottle should be presented to the king, Louis XV. The monarch was so impressed that he ordered a large quantity for the royal cellars, the foundation of the house of Marie Brizard was assured and the reputation of Anisette was established. The firm was founded in 1755, Marie having taken into partnership Jean-Baptiste Roger, the husband of one of her nieces. She lived to see the Revolution and the first Empire, and died in 1801. Her successors developed other liqueurs and today the house of Marie Brizard has a list of 42. It is still under the control of the descendants of its founders.

I suppose it is a logical step to advocate the use of liqueurs in new, additional ways as cocktails and long drinks. No doubt other manufacturers are bound to follow the example. The day may come when drinking a liqueur neat after a meal as a digestive will be considered unusual.

Vintage drive and drink

An unusual and interesting holiday is organised by Gilbey Twiss Ltd. for vintage car owners. The tour starts on September 1 and lasts 16 days. The Channel will be crossed by sea or air and the first stop is at Epernay, Champagne, for a reception by Heidsieck Dry Monopole. From Paris the cars will be taken by train to Biarritz, whence they will drive through Valladolid and Salamanca to Oporto. Here one of the highlights, in addition to visiting Croft's Lodge, will be a dinner at the Factory House. The return is via Bordeaux, where Gilbey's own Chateau Loudenne is to be visited, and Cognac, where the participants will be entertained by the firm of Hennessey.

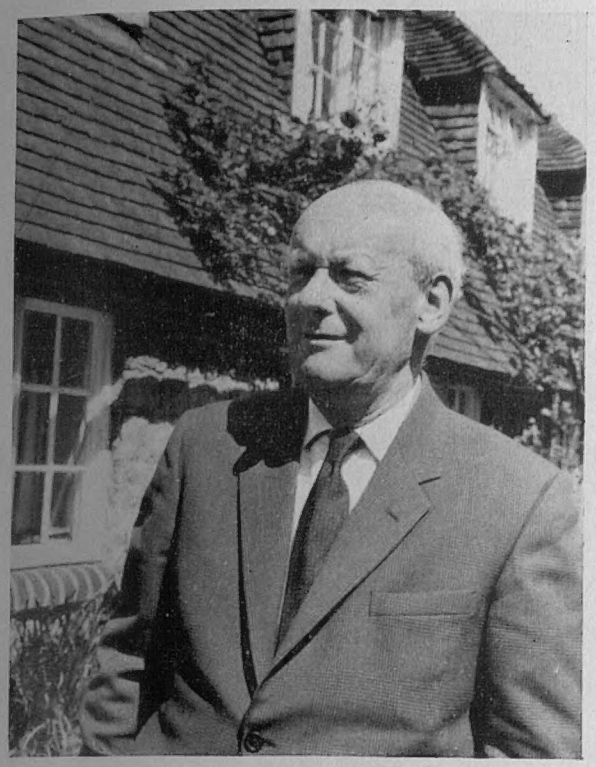
Vintage wine and other gastronomic delights are the attractions, any owner of a vintage car can take part. In view of the hospitality offered by the various houses to be visited, the cost works out at only about £80, all included. Applications for full details and bookings: Continental Touring Club, 11, Bathurst Street, London, W.2.

WATCHES ON THE RHINE

Schaffhausen is the only important town in Switzerland north of the Rhine. Watches have been produced here for nearly a century in the factory close by the river of the International Watch Company. Five years ago large extensions, planned by the present President of this privately owned company, Mr. H. E. Homberger, were added to the buildings to ensure that the extremely high standards of production on which the organisation prides itself should be maintained. The workrooms are equipped with the latest mechanical advances in the art of watchmaking. Many tools for manufacturing high-grade movements and certain machines are made in the factory. The I.W.C. has always designed its own prototypes, and this means the complete movement is manufactured from its very beginning. Each movement consists of from 120 to 150 parts, each part being checked and examined at least 50 times during construction. It seems right that such craftsmanship should be practised in the quiet of an old town. From their benches the craftsmen and craftswomen look out onto the waters of the Rhine or to medieval buildings. Quality of output is the rule for the watchmakers of Schaffhausen, and to this end production is strictly limited. Each single watch must receive individual attention. Ideas for mass-production would never be entertained.

Above right: Watchmakers at their bench in the factory in Schaffhausen by the banks of the Rhine in Switzerland. Through the window is the Munot, a fortress built to designs by Albrecht Dürer

Right: The view for the watchmakers from another window is of the cathedral which is Romanesque in style. The buildings date from the 11th and 12th centuries



Mark Gerson

A new novel of the Larkins

H. E. BATES

Oh! To Be In England (15s.)

RICHARD CONDON

A Talent For Loving (21s.)

JAMES BALDWIN

The Fire Next Time (13s. 6d.)

Another Country (25s.)

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Thing To Love (21s.)

JAMES CLAVELL

King Rat (21s.)

JOHN COLSON

The Goose and I (13s. 6d.)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

VISTA

4 POINT PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING

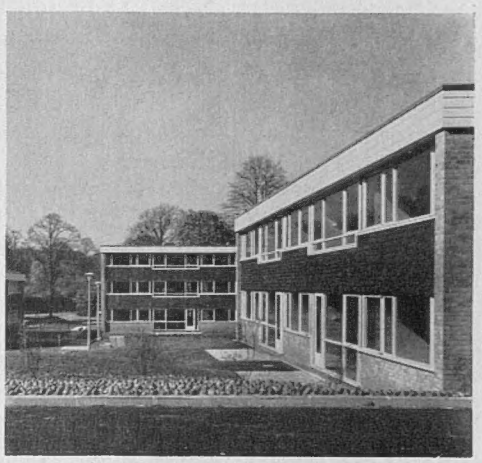
NEARNESS TO CITY
MODERN DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION
INTEGRAL HEATING
LANDSCAPED SURROUNDINGS

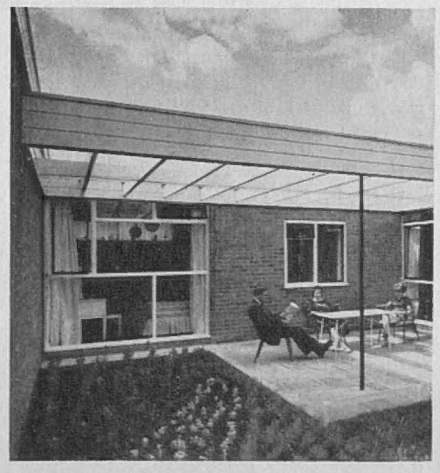
VISTA FLATS AT CHADBROOK CREST BROOK ROAD

2 and 3 Bedroom LOW BLOCK flats for sale. Large Lounge/ Dining room. Well planned Kandya fitted Kitchen. Picture windows. Electric underfloor heating.

Price from **£4,000**

Leasehold including Garage.
ALSO TALL BLOCK Flats to Let.
RENTS FROM £352 p.a.





PATIO HOUSES AT HARTFORD CLOSE BEECH LANES HARBORNE BIRMINGHAM 17

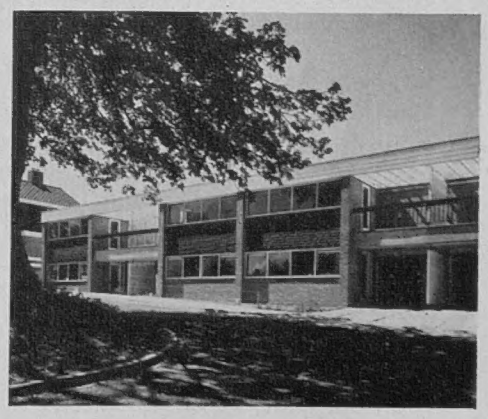
These are 2 Bedroom single storey houses built around a paved patio. Large Living room 24′ 10″ × 12′ 7″ Electric underfloor heating. Baxi fireplace. Garage and courtyard providing accommodation for two cars.

Price from **£6,500**
LEASEHOLD

INTEGRO HOUSES AT HARTFORD CLOSE BEECH LANES

Each has a large Lounge. Fitted Kitchen. Three Bedrooms. Sun balcony. Baxi fireplace. Electric underfloor heating.

Price from **£4,525**
LEASEHOLD



Call, write or phone for full details of these and other properties soon ready

The Show Flat, 34 Chadbrook Crest, Brook Rd, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15 Edg 0232

The Show house, 9 Hartford Close, Beech Lanes, Harborne, Birmingham 17 Bea 2398

Furnished by Frederick Restall Ltd.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

I was glad to hear Mr Ernest Marples announce the Government's decision to adopt, in principle, the Worboys Report on traffic signs. His committee's plan for modernising and simplifying Britain's archaic system of road signs is the best thing that has come from any Government committee for a very long time. The committee recommend a £22 million scheme for replacing practically all Britain's 1,600,000 traffic signs. Their recommendations affect all roads other than motorways—which are already well catered for in the way of signs—and they think their programme could be implemented in five years.

The committee rightly lay great stress on the need for uniformity and simplification. Rightly, too, they think their scheme, if adopted, would not only improve the flow of Britain's congested traffic but make an important contribution to road safety. Two of the most spectacular features of the suggested programme are the large-scale adoption of the Continental-style pictorial signs and the adoption of special direction signs to indicate through routes. These direction signs would have a distinctive green background with the letters in white and the route numbers in yellow. These so-called " primary routes " would avoid city centres wherever possible, but where necessary the green signs would continue right through built-up areas.

I am glad the committee come out strongly in favour of lower-case lettering that is so much easier to read than capitals and that they stress the importance of direction-sign illumination. They advocate the illumination of direction signs wherever possible at main junctions on primary roads and call for a much higher standard of sign illumination generally. It is suggested that erection of the new-style mandatory signs (" Keep Left ") and prohibitory signs (" No Entry ") should be given priority because penalties are involved for non-observance and that this part of the programme should be completed in two years.

Who will be World Champion?

How time flies! With the British Grand Prix at Silverstone this weekend we have almost reached the middle of the World Championship programme for 1963. It should be a needle race, with world champion Graham Hill doing his utmost to reduce the big lead his rival Jim Clark, the Scottish farmer, has built up in the current championship table. Clark (Lotus-Climax) has amassed 27 points. Hill (BRM) has only 13. Next come Dan Gurney (Brabham-Climax) 12 points; Richie Ginther (BRM) 11 points; Bruce McLaren (Cooper-Climax) 10 points; Tony Maggs (Cooper-Climax) 8 points. Clark, who is frequently compared with Stirling Moss for his driving technique and imperturbability, has won the last three championship events in a row. He won the French Grand Prix at Rheims on June 30 at 125·3 m.p.h. and set up a new lap record of 131·147 m.p.h. for the circuit.

At Rheims, Graham Hill could do no better than finish third after a bad start. He was driving the new 1963 model of the BRM which has a six-speed gearbox, is lighter and has wholly enclosed suspension. Whether this new model will be able successfully to challenge the all-conquering Lotus is one of the most interesting question marks in motor racing this season. The Ferraris are not doing well but the season is being enlivened by the improved performance of Jack Brabham's new cars—they are of his own design, using the V8 Coventry-Climax engine—and by the arrival on the motor-racing scene of the Italian ATS, the Anglo-Italian Scirocco and the new Lotus-BRM evolved by the British Racing Partnership and which has shown great promise.

Renault R8

Having recently visited the factory at Flins in France where they are built, I was particularly interested to try out recently a de luxe model of the Renault R8 which in Britain costs £671 including tax. Styled in the modern, square-cut idiom, it is a four-door saloon with room for five people at a pinch and powered by a 956 c.c. rear-mounted engine with five-bearing crankshaft which makes it a robust and smooth-running unit. They are different from British designs in many subtle ways, are these Continental cars, and it makes quite a change driving them. I found that the R8, whose engine develops 48 b.h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m. and which has a top speed of 80 m.p.h., could hold its own on British roads with the best cars in its class.

It does 65 m.p.h. without valve bounce in third gear on the four-speed version (a three-speed model is also available) and the R8 takes only 15 seconds to get to 50 m.p.h. from a standstill. It is an economical car and in a test programme which called for some hard driving my fuel consumption figure worked out at a satisfactory 34 m.p.g. It is an eager little car with a performance that is well matched by its Lockheed disc brakes. This latest Renault was the first in its class to have disc brakes on all four wheels.

The light, positive steering—higher geared than that of the Dauphine—is pleasantly neutral for a rear-engined car and I found that any tendency for the rear end to break away on wet roads could be easily and quickly corrected. I particularly like the R8's well-shaped, comfortable front seats, the steering column lock, the town and country horn notes and the combined door handles and pull straps.

Later this year the R8 will be available in the United Kingdom with an automatic three-speed gearbox incorporating a " magnetic powder " type of clutch. It has been developed by Jaeger from the designs of S. Smith and Sons, the British accessory and component firm. This was the unit which formed the basis of the Rootes Group's Easidrive transmission. In France, the automatic gearbox costs only £39 more than the normal four-speed model and £54 more than the three-speed R8. The reason it is so relatively inexpensive is that it uses the ordinary Renault three-speed gearbox.

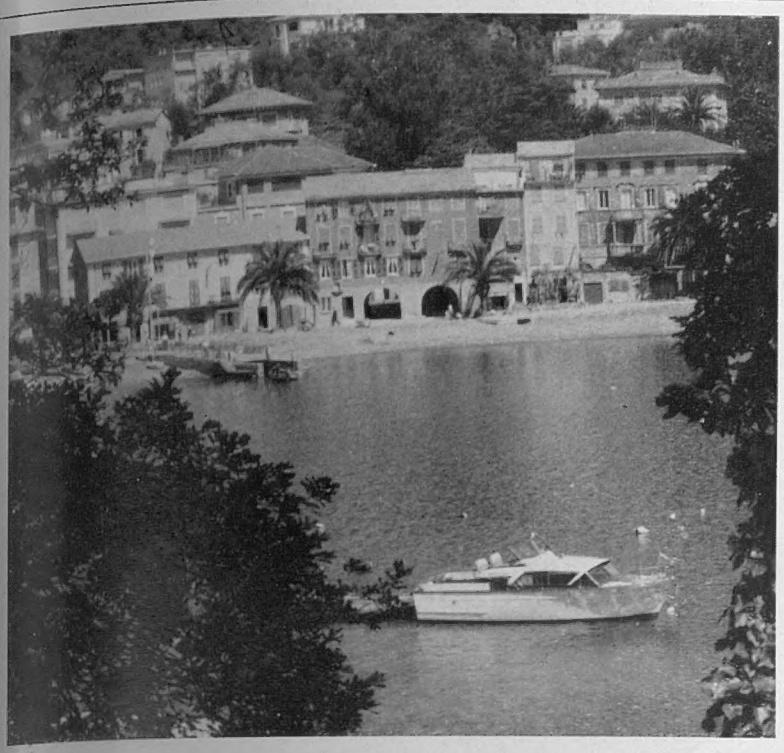
Motoring Notes

Crypton Equipment Ltd., makers of the electronic fault-diagnosing apparatus widely used in British garages, now have training facilities at their London HQ as good as those at their Bridgwater, Somerset, factory. They include two different kinds of " roller " installations on which cars can be tested at all road speeds. . . . Britain's Caravan Club announce that they have now designated (under the 1960 Caravan Sites Act) a total of 700 locations where up to half a dozen towed caravans can make short stops during touring holidays. One hundred of them are behind Esso filling stations. The others are mostly on farms or adjoining country inns. . . . According to a Paris report Peugeot have under development a new model

The Renault R8 four-seater saloon is the only car of its class to have disc brakes on all four wheels

—the 204—which is strikingly similar to Britain's Morris 1100 in both appearance and mechanical layout. It is said to have an " east-to-west " four-cylinder engine of about 1,100 c.c. driving the front wheels, a four-speed gearbox and independent suspension. . . . Britain did well in the tough Alpine Rally. Two Ford Cortinas and two BMC Mini-Coopers won four of the six Alpine cups awarded for penalty-free performances. One of the Minis—that of Rauno Aaltonen of Finland and John Ambrose of Britain—won the touring class.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1.
SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.



VISIT—

GENOA

and its riviera

MILD CLIMATE ALL THE YEAR ROUND
HOTELS AND PENSIONS OF ALL CLASSES

For information apply to:
ENTE PROVINCIALE PER IL TURISMO
GENOA

For business friends or clients overseas—
what better or more welcome gift?

From all points of view a subscription to "The Sphere" is *just right!* This intensely readable and magnificently illustrated journal is a gift that never misses the mark. Its arrival is looked forward to every week—a pleasant reminder of the giver—and we enclose a card with the first issue giving your name as donor. Subscription rate for 12 months—52 issues plus the Christmas Number £7. 15. 6. (Overseas £8. 4. 0.)

Your regular newsagent will arrange a subscription for you. Or write to : The Publisher, 13-15 John Adam St., London W.C.2. enclosing remittance.

Travel overnight & save a day

MID-WEEK
TRAVEL CONCESSIONS
AVAILABLE MAY TILL
OCTOBER

LIVERPOOL - BELFAST
GLASGOW - BELFAST

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR CONVEYANCE OF PASSENGERS' CARS BY ALL ROUTES

COAST LINES LIMITED *AGENTS*

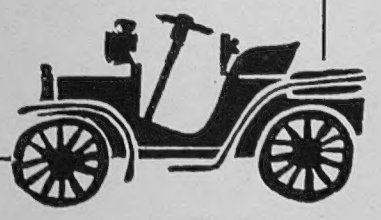
RELIANCE HOUSE, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL 2.
227 REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1.
AND PRINCIPAL TRAVEL AGENTS

Genevieve

THE BEST OF FOOD AND WINE
IN THE FRENCH MANNER

Intimate, personal—and always closed on Sundays.

13/14 Thayer Street,
Marylebone High Street, W.1
Tel: HUNter 2244



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

For the discriminating palate . . .

IF you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina".

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries.

Domecq's **LA INA** *The finest of Sherries*

Fino Exquisite Dry

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'
the delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM'
. . . and the choice Amontillado 'CASINO'

Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

A reminder of Spanish Holidays

FUNDADOR

Domecq's SPANISH BRANDY

BRITAIN'S OUTSTANDING CIGARETTE

Deep blue waters...gleaming brass...and a cool white packet o
Senior Service—Britain's Outstanding Cigarette. The cigarett
that's always superbly made, always so full and firm, with coo
smoking Virginia tobaccos. And always...Senior Service Satisfy

SENIOR SERVICE *Satisfy*